

B.C.S.

JUNE 1950

THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



B. C. S.



**THE MAGAZINE OF
BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.**

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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Cover Photograph by H. Blejer

Magazine Essay Prize - K. Soutar (On Yawning) (This prize donated by Mysto, Inc.)

Magazine Story Prize - not awarded

Magazine Photo Prize - P. Donner (Cadet Corps Photos)

Magazine Drawing Prize - not awarded

EDITORIALS

I

This issue of the magazine would not be complete without a tribute to Mr. Pattison.

This year, for the second time in his 27 years at B.C.S., he has filled the gap in the staff caused by the absence of the Headmaster. This situation might be compared with that of a running half on a football team who is asked to play quarterback and, at the same time, not to relinquish his position in the backfield. It is not an easy job, and Mr. Pattison required two offices to carry it out. His record of achievement during the difficult war years is well known to all who are connected to the School. This year, on short notice, he once more took over the position of Acting Headmaster.

Around the School, he is well known for his somewhat mathematical sense of humour, his scornful assurance that even the most complicated of trigonometrical identities is mere "baby work," and the inconceivability of his ever being stumped by a problem. His interest in all branches of School life and his ability to solve a boy's problems by a friendly talk are characteristics which have earned our respect and admiration. It is difficult for us to appreciate the varied executive tasks and responsibilities which are his lot and the administration wing operations that go, for the most part, unnoticed. Yet by their very smoothness, we can realize how efficiently they are being conducted. Perhaps Mr. Pattison's outstanding characteristic, however, is his popularity, which anybody from the Head Prefect to Alf the groundsman will attest.

Considering the man and his record, "B.C.S." gives three hearty editorial cheers for Mr. Pattison.

II

The editorials in the last two issues of the magazine have given a general outline of its changes in policy. It has been noted that, as well as serving the demands of School history, the magazine is meant to provide an outlet for the talents and work of the boys themselves. To encourage literary and artistic effort on the part of those not actually connected with the editorial staff, four magazine prizes have been offered for the best contributions in the fields of short stories, articles, drawing and photography. They are each to the value of five dollars, but the entries must be above a certain standard to merit the awards. The judging is done by the editorial staff and neither they nor the advisory staff nor the assistant editors are eligible to win a prize. It is hoped that these prizes will provide more of an incentive to write, especially among the lower forms, and that the boys will show more interest in this aspect of school life.

As well as these restricted prizes, offered by the magazine itself, there are also the completely independent memorial prizes open to anyone in the school. One of these is the Hale Memorial Essay Prize, awarded for the best essay on some aspect of Leadership. This is offered for competition by Mrs. H. W. K. Hale in memory of her son, Flight Lieutenant Warren M. Hale, who died in action in the recent war.

The other prize is the Kenneth Hugessen Poetry Prize, awarded for the best contribution of at least three poems, totalling more than forty lines, that reaches a certain standard. In memory of the young poet, Kenneth Knatchbull-Hugessen, who died at the age of seventeen, the prize has already been awarded several times to boys who have produced poems of high merit, as Ken Hugessen himself did while he was at the school. His poems were later collected in a small volume entitled "Jeunesse," which drew favorable comments from recognized critics. It will be the policy of this magazine to republish one poem from "Jeunesse" along with the poetry of the current winner of the Kenneth Hugessen Poetry Prize.



C. L. O. Glass, M.A.

B.C.S. 28-32

C. L. O. GLASS, HEADMASTER ELECT

By R. L. Young, Editor of "B.C.S." 1922-1948

From a Sabine farm on the South Shore, N.S.—Greetings!

The appointment of the Headmaster of Ashbury to the Headmastership of B.C.S. came to us out of the blue with atomic force. As we gradually recovered, taking all previous incidents as *faits accomplis*, by degrees it dawned on us that the choice was the best possible.

Why were we chosen to perpetrate a write-up? Possibly because we were longer at the School than anyone since its beginning in 1836.

This is the pleasantest duty we have ever performed for B.C.S. By no implication whatsoever must it be inferred that it is a reflection on, or criticism of others, that we most enthusiastically welcome the Headmaster elect. We had absolutely no intimation that this astute selection would be made.

The ancient Goths, our ancestors as regards language, had a double-barreled procedure in solving all their contemplated undertakings: in the evening under the influence of the flowing bowl, when intellects were elated, they arrived at one decision; in the broad light of garish day they came to another, and more sober, conclusion; between these two extremes they found the perfect solution. We, under the influence of relighted enthusiasm, are writing this in a state of nostalgic emotion with no possibility of reconsideration or revision. For, in an Editor's phone call from Lennoxville, we were given two days to perform a labour of love that would have entailed weeks in recapturing old moods and memories and in research among old Magazines to supplement memory. And so—A forfeit: no Editorial red pencil! A privilege: to use once more the Editorial "we". A blanket pardon: if this write-up gives any offence. We have nothing in our mind but goodwill.

A golden autumnal sun streaming in flooded with its mellow rays the Old Library, where Debates were held in the '20's, focusing on one particular face. We recall that memorable day so well because it reflected a sunny smile, myriad twinkles in the eyes, a quirk around the mouth and lips trembling to utter the craziest things, like a dam ready to burst, with no more dignity than the Effendi examiner who was about to put to him one of his more intriguing questions: "Name, in French, all the Kings of England," when, overcome by the rapid telepathic appeal, there was a sudden and abrupt aposiopesis and we permitted the dam to burst with: "*Dis-moi quelque chose*" and he did, and a spate of French sequenced and we were back in Switzerland on the heights climbing the Dent-du-Midi and discussing the respective climbing attractions of it and Monte Rosa—*arcades ambo*, when suddenly we climbed down, realizing that there were other wide-open-mouthed examinees.

We describe this initial encounter so minutely as it is indicative of and must stand for most pleasant relations with Charles Lapslie Ogden Glass throughout his School career, whether in the Debating Society, the Dramatic Society, or on the Magazine Staff, in the English class where he was awake and alive to every appeal of good literature, literally lapping it all up, in French class where we had to handicap him by setting "*Les Roses d'Ispahan*" etc., to learn and use up his amazing vitality, or at table where, with our mutual friend, Oggs learned German—yes, and both took McGill Matric in that subject. Hush!

Let this first interview also illustrate relations that are desirable and may exist between master and boy; barriers are unnecessary, whether put up by a master for self-protection or by a boy to secure his independence. And, boys, Oggs is a most approachable person in all your difficulties. You can talk to him man to man—or boy to boy, as he is still one at heart; we learned this while surreptitiously peeping through the window of his eyes after he became a Headmaster and a most dignified person. Better than anyone we know he will be able to teach you, both by example and precept, how to make the most of your school life and how to prepare yourself for life when schooldays are over, and, maybe, for the more real life that follows after; and that not as an attitudinarian, but without unreal shams and attitudinizing in deference to custom and society. Education must lead and point the way in a disorientated world, confused as regards its bearings, through goodwill towards others, through tolerance and through cooperation.

We could indulge in, but refrain from, extravagant, ill-advised praise which shackles the recipient; we confine ourselves to the personal note and contacts, sheltering behind Leslie's tolerant assurance that he who sincerely tells us what he, personally, thinks always tells us something worth knowing.

Let us take an incomplete, cursory glance at his achievements: His admirable war record is too well known to need comment here, and of his subsequent years at Ashbury that school's regret at losing him tells the story. At B.C.S. ('28-'32) he was Prefect, Middleweight Boxing Champion, Tennis and Swimming Champion, Captain of Cricket, First Team Hockey, First Team Football, President of the Debating Society, and winner of the Grant Hall Oratory Medal in 1931 and again in 1932. His record at the University is a succession of triumphs. In '34 he was Captain of Football, Captain of Hockey, and President of the Students' Council. In '35 he was Senior Man and took honours in English. He and John Bassett brought the Debating Trophy to Bishop's for the first time, and got into the finals with McMaster

University that year. That year, too, he and Bassett took leading parts in "The Dover Road".

He won a Rhodes Scholarship in 1935. At Oxford, *inter alia*, he played Hockey for the University and Tennis for his College, captaining the team. He also played English Rugby and was elected President of the College Amalgamated Clubs, and in '38 he graduated in the Honours School of Philosophy, Politics and economics. We have hazy recollections, too, of other distinctions and a letter from Spain where he was captaining some English team.

His first public appearance at the School after leaving it was at a sports banquet. Did he then envision his European travels? No—in proposing a toast he raised a foaming beaker and graced it with a quotation from the School Magazine:

"In strange lands I shall travel—
Wanderer, who are you?
Where is your Alma Mater?
What are the men you knew?

"Philistines will ask me—
Proudly I'll reply:
I lived once with Princes,
I'm Bishop's till I die."

And we know that on his wide travels he stood up for and was an ambassador at large for his country and for B.C.S.

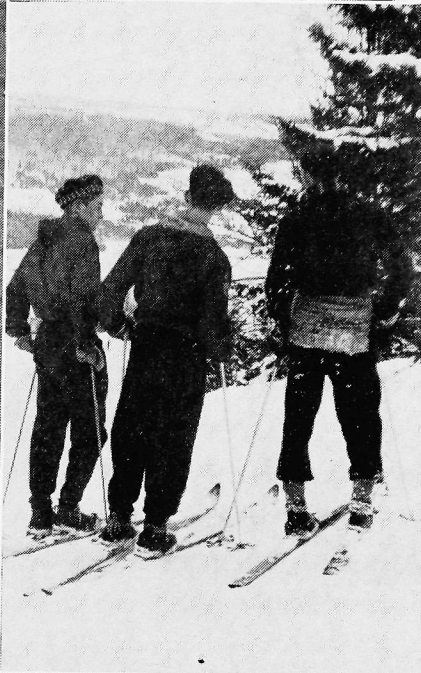
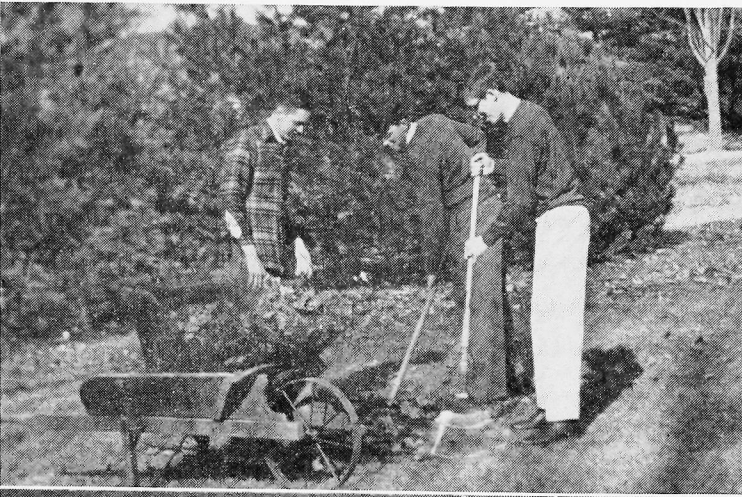
To such a man may be entrusted with confidence that unique spirit of B.C.S., more potent than material advantages, for whenever the latter failed the spirit of the School rebuilt them and, as we write, reminiscences of that spirit and of the men who were part of it—Doolittle, Rawson, Williams and later others—overwhelm us. Yes, the Headmaster elect will be a safe and trustworthy custodian of that unique B.C.S. spirit; he is already a part of that spirit, having brought renown to the School. He will have adversaries—if he is lucky. One only realizes afterwards that the adversary is an integral, vital and essential element of progress in life.

A scholar and a sportsman, in every sense of the word, a veteran and a youthful Old Boy takes the helm, and we predict a Golden Age for the Old School.

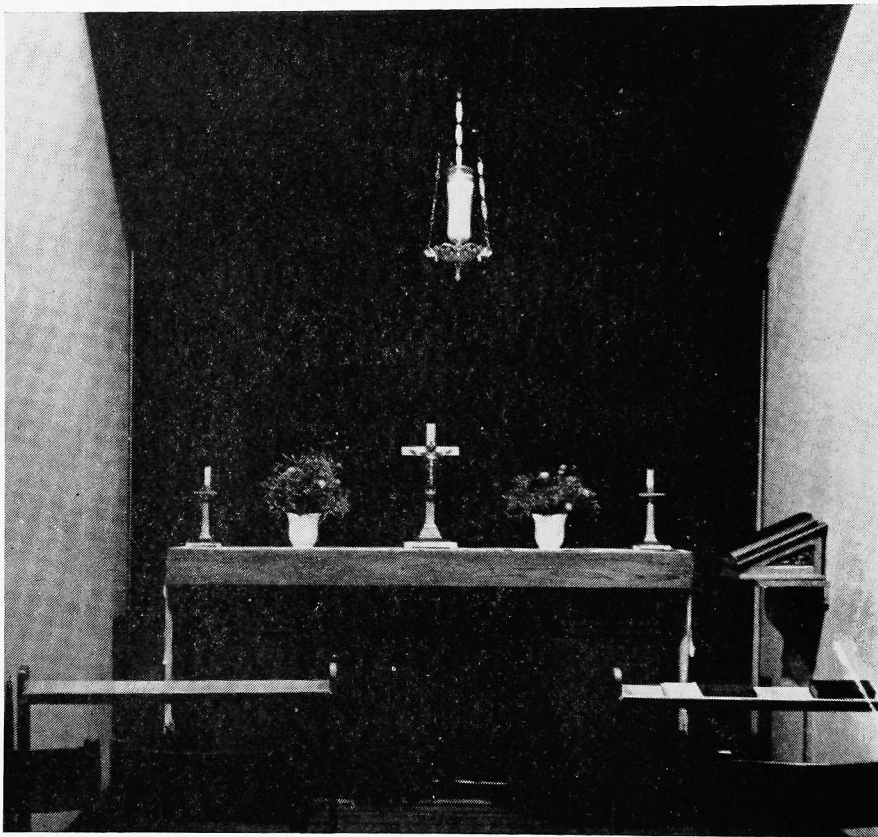
MARCH PAST OF CADETS



SCHOOL NEWS



CHAPEL NOTES



ST. MARTIN'S CHAPEL

THE CHOIR

With a great number of new members, the choir this year is keeping up the strong work of the past. Mr. Black has worked very hard and faithfully with these new members as well as new tunes, anthems and a new Communion Service by Martin Shaw.

The soprano section of the choir has not been as strong as in the past but through the strength of two or three leaders they have been able to keep up with the others.

An alto section which was discontinued for two years has been taken up again this year. They will be singing in the anthem which is being prepared.

The singing at the annual Carol Service was said by outsiders to have been excellent. The Chapel was lit by candlelight which created a very pleasing atmosphere, especially with young round voices in the tune of, "How far is it to Bethlehem" floating through the air, and the military beat of the harmony of, "Hark what mean those Holy voices?" Solos were well handled by the following boys:—*Sopranos*, Pratt, Cantlie II, Dixon, Smith I,

Trott, Kingsmill, Scott I, Johnson, Ashworth, Chapman. *Tenors*, McCulloch, Patterson, Whitehead, Findlay, Setlakwe. *Basses*, Hickey, Evans, Sperdakos, Hugessen, Bishop, Hyndman, Rankin.

The second and third terms' work has been hard but not wholly unsuccessful. At present an anthem from Hadyn's Creation, "The Heavens are Telling," is being given the polishing touches for the annual Confirmation Service, which will be held on May 21st.

Credit is certainly due to all the boys who have given their time and help this year, especially to those boys who are leaving, and to the choir helpers, upper school new boys, who have done a very fine job. The Choir would also like to thank Miss Reyner for her interest in the robes.

The following boys were in the choir this year:—

Sopranos:—Ashworth, Badger II, Bassett, Cantlie II, Derby II, Dixon, Johnson III, Kingsmill, MacDougall, Mackay, MacNamara, Meredith, Mitchell, Molson,

Ogilvie II, Patriquin, Pratt, Scott I, Scott II, Sharp, Smith I, Smith II, Tremble, Trott, Twidale, White.
Altos:—Berlyn, Davidson, Chapman, McBain II, Ogilvie I, Pollock, Price III, Soutar II.
Tenors:—Cresswell, Findlay, Hutchison, McCulloch,

Patterson, Ross, Setlakwe, Soutar I, Stevenson, Turnbull I, Whitehead.
Basses:—Bishop, Evans, Hickey, Hugessen, Hyndman, MacLennan, McGee, Pierce I, Price I, Rankin, Spurdakos, Winder.

THE ALTAR SERVERS

The serving at the Holy Communion Services this year has been very good. There has been a large group of servers and each one has done his job well and conscientiously. Each server usually serves twice a term.

The servers are picked by the Chaplain when they are in the third form. In the third form they are called Number 2 Servers. When they become members of the fourth and fifth forms they are called Number 1 Servers. Finally when they reach the sixth form they become a Head Server. Each one of these groups has its own particular duties.

Due to the lack of cassocks which has arisen since the choir has grown to fifty members, the servers have had to

wear their blazers, which have, however, suited the purpose successfully.

Many thanks, and also hopes that they will continue their work elsewhere, are extended to the boys who are leaving this year. Their knowledge of serving is both useful and worth while.

The following are servers this year:—

Head Servers:—Evans, Hugessen, Patterson, Bishop, Peirce I.

Junior Servers:—Whitehead, Donner, Berlyn, Findlay, Turnbull II, Mitchell, Kossatkine, Kingsmill, MacDougall, Price III, Scott I.

M. C. EVANS, (Form C VI)

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Owing to many interruptions and difficulties due to the hockey and ski team week-end trips, the Debating Society was only able to meet once in the Assembly Hall during these past few months.

This single meeting, coming as it did after the resignation of our past Speaker, Mr. Grier, was under the direction of the Society's new Speaker, Mr. Doheny.

The following motion was put before the house: "That in the opinion of this Society A Socialist Government Would Be a National Disaster for Canada." A strong front presented by Mr. Lucas, Mr. McCord, and Mr. Stewart-Patterson, speakers for the Affirmative, was enough to send the speakers for the Negative, Mr. Ryshpan, Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. Angus, down in defeat by a close vote of 11-9. Although the attendance was smaller than usual, it was thought that this meeting was one of the liveliest and best debated which the Society has had this year. Since a debate with Ashbury was dated for the near future, this was the time when four members of the Society were to be chosen to represent the School. Unfortunately those chosen, J. T. I. Porteous, S. F. Angus, M. Lucas and H. Ryshpan, lost the chance to journey to Ottawa because of an outbreak of measles there.

The highlight of the Lent term's debating came when J. T. I. Porteous and J. C. K. Hugessen went into Montreal to speak at an oratorical contest sponsored by the Junior League and Jewish Junior Welfare League of

Montreal. The topic under discussion was: "What Would a Bill of Rights Mean to Me as a Canadian?"

Declaring that "We should eliminate the need for a Bill of Rights," before a large crowd in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton, Mr. Porteous urged his listeners "to live it."

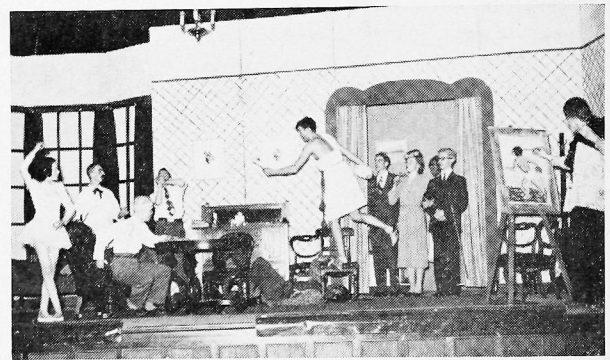
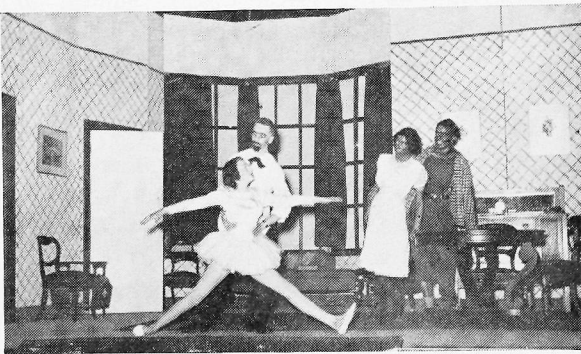
Having passed through the preliminaries at Victoria Hall on February 8, Porteous and Hugessen turned in such a fine performance in the finals on February 14th, held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, that they returned to School having won first and third prizes respectively.

The Montreal Daily Star says the following about Porteous: "With a slightly more mature viewpoint than his fellows, he repeated the warnings of George Orwell's 'Animal Farm' and the wisdom of Edmund Burke. Those intent upon racial discrimination or tyranny, he said, would not be deterred by a written document. Nor, he pointed out, would it be easy to draw up such a document, controls being, as they are, in the hands of Provincial Governments."

With the success of Porteous and Hugessen still ringing in our ears, the Debating Society of today hopes that, in future years, members of its ever-growing roll will carry off top honours in many other contests in Montreal and the Eastern Townships, and that they will gradually achieve even higher levels of debating and speaking than we of the present Society.

T. H. BISHOP,
 Secretary-Treasurer,
 (Form M VI)

HOWDIDIDO?



"Here are the papers," said Maria, "do you want to read what they say about the play?"

DuMaurier, "The Parasites."

Producers of plays at B.C.S. will admit that they have generally been badly served by the daily press. So will the players. Authors, for whom the beginning and end of the business is to make an audience believe that real things are happening to real people, are fortunately spared the shock of noting the journalistic errors of commission and omission to which producers and players are exposed. Exceptions prove the rule: the situation is not altered by this year's intelligent article in the Sherbrooke Daily Record. The fact remains that the metropolitan dailies could do better than merely to reproduce the monograph which escapes to them via night press rate. They would not lose caste if they were occasionally to detach a qualified critic to study and report the very considerable contribution which is being made to the Canadian amateur theatre on the stage of the B.C.S. Playhouse. On the face of it, the performance of four Shakespeares, five Gilbert and Sullivans, five modern plays and innumerable one-act bits suggests a versatility of which the general public might know more than it now does. That these performances have mostly been rather more than adequate is a fact which adds strength to an argument that is further reinforced by the record of success of a number of actors, professional and amateur, who have made their debut across the B.C.S. footlights.

To have introduced a critique of the school's February production of *YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU* in this truculent fashion is to have increased the difficulty of the task which the writer now approaches, and he will be content to try to answer, for the players and producer, the question posed by the title of this article.

In the first place, let us take the play as a whole. It is a comedy, and, in a comedy, pace is everything. If, with a cast of nineteen players, pace had been sacrificed to the old axiom that you must not move while you are

speaking, the whole play would have flopped. It did not flop. The players kept the ball in the air and they moved about the stage to do it. Occasionally (perhaps a little too often) movement was confused with business, and, for brief periods, the comedy became a farce—an effect which is not sought by the authors of a piece which, however comical, is meant to have a moral. The action conformed properly to one of the primary demands of comedy, namely that it should take place downstage. Even the staircase, bay window, and kitchen contributed to this effect. Conversely, but equally skilfully, off-stage speeches "floated" from the stairs and vestibule in perfectly natural fashion. Audibility was generally excellent, except for a few minutes after the opening curtain. B.C.S. producers of straight plays are more severely handicapped by the architectural deficiencies of the entrance to the theatre than are the producers of an opera, and they will do well (when speech is more important than spectacle) to over-play the early bit, and to urge more volume from the speakers. Once the audience has finished finding its seat, shuffling its feet, removing its hat, blowing its nose, and finding its angle of sight, normal performance may profitably re-assert itself. With the exception of Donald's outfit and the scarf of many colours which dangled briefly in front of Alice's right ear and periodically obscured his (her) pleasant profile, the costuming was good. Likewise make-up, if one may be permitted to remark that it is possible, by the correct use of highlight, to reduce the hands of an athletic male ingenue to feminine proportions. This would have helped Alice, whose hands were better controlled than is usual in the circumstances.

The least convincing element of the show, (and one which made you not quite sure if real things were happening to real people) was the cigarette habit. It may be that the causes are buried deep in the archives of ancient B.C.S. regulations: the fact is that the boldest B.C.S. smokers is no Coward on the stage. There were moments of doubt about whether the hero was smoking

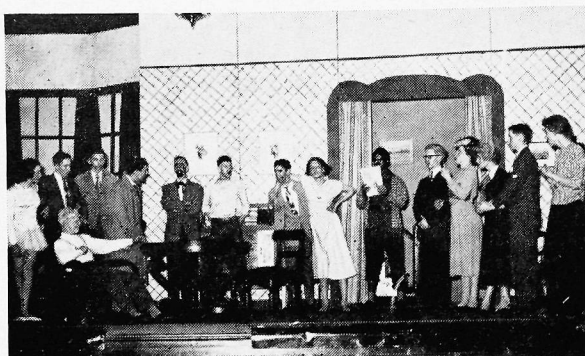
Buckingham or some of Mr. de Pinna's squibs. It looked as if Grandpa was less apprehensive of Mr. Kirby's emphatic gestures than he was of the glowing stub which Mr. Kirby waved under his nose—while gesturing. And the ashes! All over the floor!

As the authors had endowed Martin Vanderhof, Tony Kirby, and Alice with most of the few vestiges of respectability discernible in the play, and gave them the only speeches which were not censorable, it is natural that Evans, McCulloch, and Pratt should stand out in one's recollection of the performance. It would be pretty hard to beat Evans's acting. It was good to see McCulloch (up the hard way from soprano leads in Gilbert and Sullivan) in a part which gave scope to his maturing ability. Pratt set a new and better standard for our intra-mural babes. Considering the difficulties involved, his performance was a triumph.

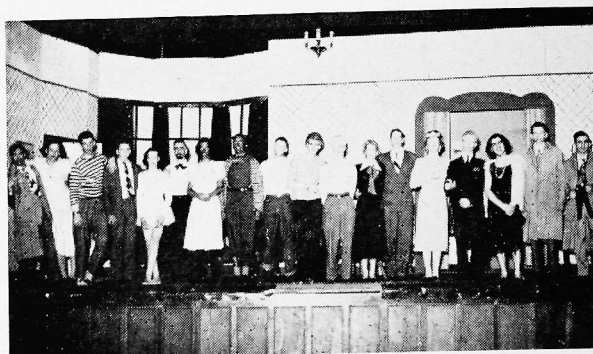
The link between this trio and the rest of an excellent supporting cast were Porteous as Essie and Rogers as Rheba. Neither took liberties with his part: each played with reserve, intelligence, and humour.

There were fourteen of "the rest," all good. Hugessen, as Penelope, might have fluttered more and jittered less: Ryshpan (Kolenkhov), with a first class guttural accent and a suave manner: Hickey (Paul) and Soutar (Mr. de Pinna), legitimate pyromaniacs: Burland (Ed) who has come late but effectively to the Players' Club: Turnbull (Donald), a good voice and an appropriate twinkle: Lucas (Henderson), indignation personified: Garneau (Mr. Kirby) and Berlyn (Mrs. Kirby), at home on the stage if not on the range: Riley (Gay) too good to be true: Sperdakos (Olga), a devastating duchess: and, finally, Blejer, Stevenson, and Patterson (Three Men) in the correct Brooklyn manner.





The usual felicitations should be extended to the stage crew and business manager, who have adhered to the type of faultless attention to detail which one has learned to associate with Lewis Evans productions, to Mr. Evans himself, and to his new-found ally, Mr. Owen, who



staged the play. In short, congratulations to all. Two-night stands and the imponderabilia of school activities impose a heavy responsibility on the Players' Club. It was a pleasure to see the Club in such high fettle and making such good use of its exceptional equipment.

WE TOOK IT WITH US

It is not that our tour de force was forced to tour, but, after our successful two night stand in Lennoxville, we were invited by the Women's Auxiliary of St. Anne's Church in Richmond to stage "You Can't Take It With You" there for the benefit of that organization.

Arrangements were made, and on February the 20th, two weeks after our regular performances, we boarded a bus and set out for Richmond with the thermometer reading 20 below zero.

The Memorial Hall was packed, with every inch of available standing room occupied, and, although the stage was smaller than our own, both stage crew and players

showed their adaptability and the production was warmly received.

After the play the entire troupe was served a bumper supper by the ladies of the W.A. before setting out for home.

One of the best features of the evening was the intermission argument in the front row as to which of the actresses were really girls and which were merely disguised as such.

It seems hardly necessary to say that we all enjoyed ourselves tremendously, and that we hope that we shall be able to "go on the road" again with future shows.

J.C.K.H.

HICKORY-DICKORY-CRASH!

This year, Feb. 24th was the day appointed for our annual plank-pushing holiday. Frankly, the assortment of 'borrowed' boards and splinters that passed for skis would make even a lemon laugh.

Two busses carried all the eager 'skiers' to the hills at Hillcrest Lodge. Upon arriving, we were quickly assigned the task of packing the hills, which were covered with three inches of new snow, our reward being that we could use the tows at a reduced rate. After the job was completed, the skiing began in earnest.

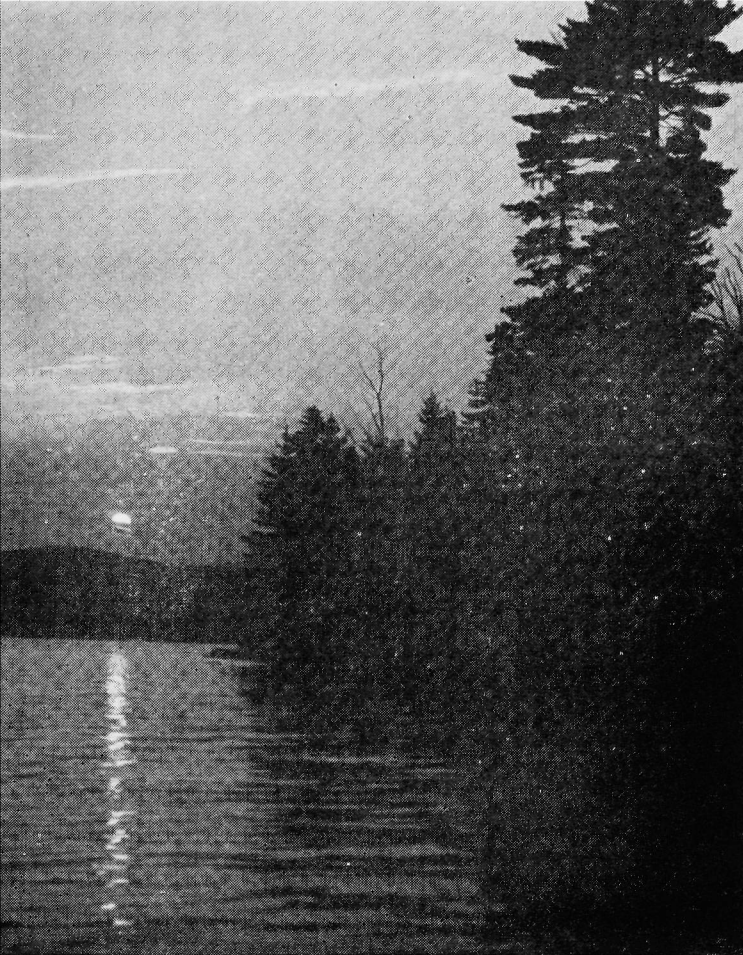
Once started, few could stop, let alone watch out for the fellow yelling "track" behind. No one troubled himself with the non-essentials of style. Yet there were no accidents at all that day. Of course, there were the usual pile-ups on the tows, a few broken ski-tips, and the odd master buried head-first in a snowbank, but these incidents only added to the hilarity of the outing.

Skiing continued after a hearty lunch and, later in the afternoon, a group of Compton girls arrived. It is noteworthy that, as long as these contented themselves with the lower tows, there seemed to be a sudden migration of the purple from the upper slopes. It is supposed that the boys had become fatigued after the long day and thought the higher reaches a little steep for tired legs.

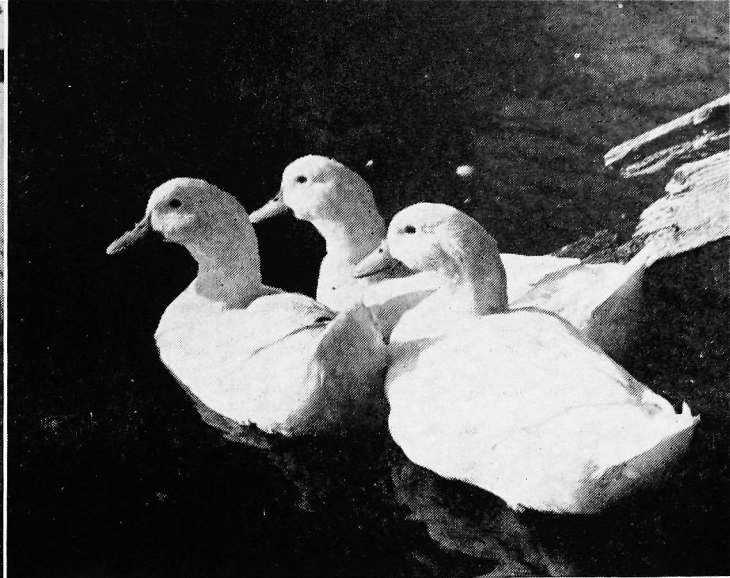
The day waned with the cramped return in the bus, hot showers, and a hearty snore from the contented 'pros' as head hit pillow. Those in charge breathed a sigh of relief. The day had been a success and everybody had had a good time.

Special mention should be made of the brave little fellows that fought the tows for the first time and for the way in which they continued to grab the rope tight knowing that they would be instantly precipitated onto their faces. Ah, well . . . they had little to lose.

V. M. WHITEHEAD (Form V Arts)



THIRD IN CAMERA CLUB COMPETITION—PHOTO BY D. REID



SECOND IN CAMERA CLUB COMPETITION—PHOTO BY H. BLEJER

FOURTH IN CAMERA CLUB COMPETITION—PHOTO BY C. PEIRCE



THE CAMERA CLUB

Another successful year has just come to a close.

During the course of the year, the club has repaired much of its old equipment and has also purchased a new timer and thermometer to add to it.

The officers of the club, elected in September, are:— J. V. Rogers, Secretary, and L. Hollander, O/C in Attendance.

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Moffat, Honorary President, for making this year the great year it has been. Also our thanks to The W. E. Booth & Company Limited, for donating a wonderful book to be awarded to the winner of the photographic competition. My thanks now to the twenty-three members who cooperated wholeheartedly in making a fine club even finer.

D. P. REID (Form V Sc.)

THE CHALET

In the evening of the day of the annual ski outing at Hillcrest, the Chalet Dance was held, with the boys inviting guests from Compton.

The Chalet was gaily decorated with coloured paper, balloons and drawings. The drawings were done by H. Ryshpan and K. Soutar, while the rest of the work was accomplished by a number of obliging members.

A good number of records were on hand, and refreshments were served during the intermission. When the dance finally came to an end, everyone went away happy and knowing that they had had a good time.

At the beginning of the Trinity Term, D. Gruchy was elected Vice-President in the place of M. Evans. The position became vacant when Evans was appointed a prefect, the Chalet policy being that no prefect be a member of the committee.

Now that Spring has come, the creosoting of the Chalet

will continue where it was left off in the fall, when the frost set in. The grass terrace, which was made last year in front of the Chalet, came through the winter very well. A little grass seed is to be added, which should make it even nicer than last year.

Two rakes and a card table with four chairs were added to the Chalet's possessions this year. With many leaves from last fall on the grounds of the Chalet, and the 'Canasta' and 'Hearts' players going at it full tilt since the craze over these games hit the school, the purchased items proved to be the proverbial 'good buy.'

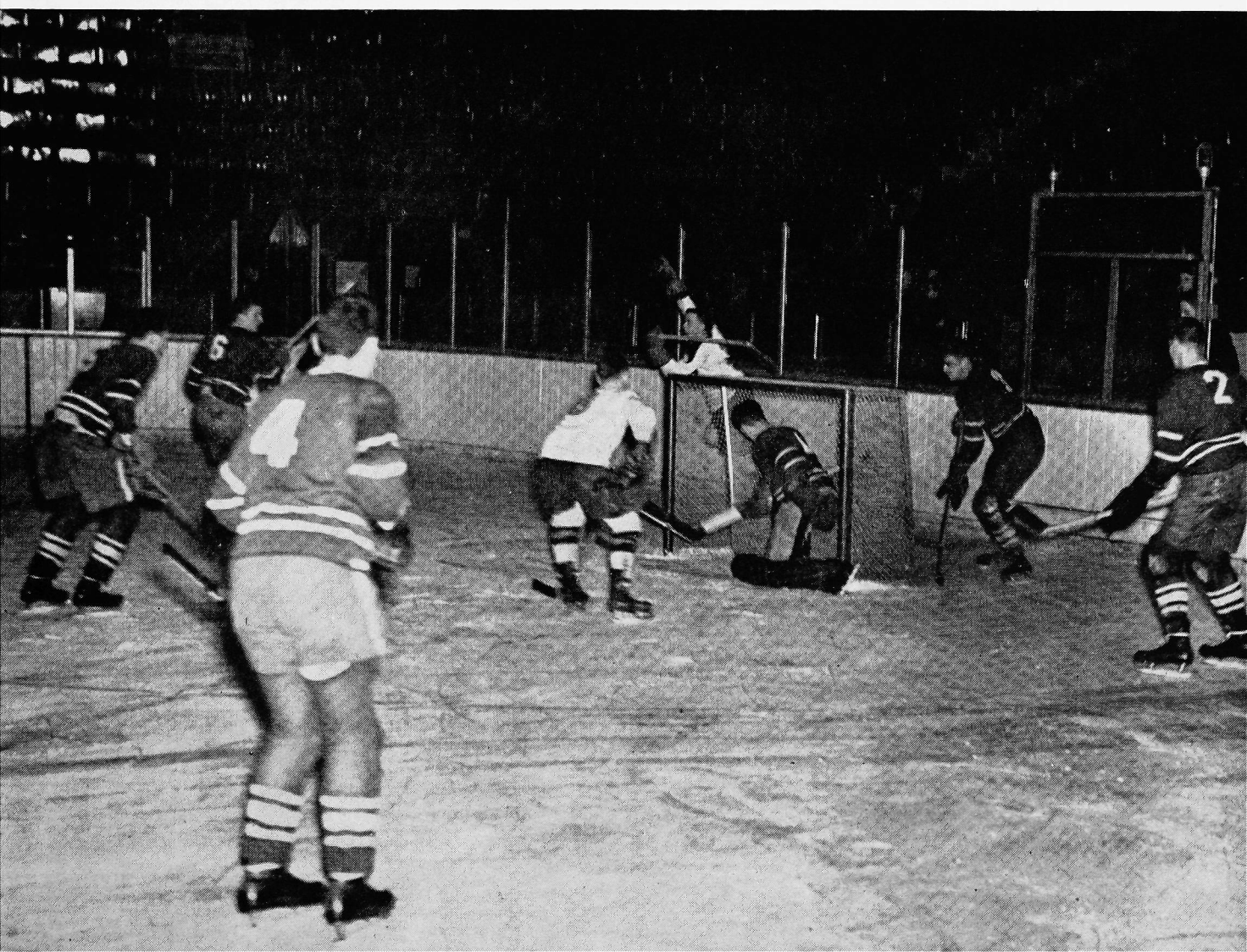
I would like to take this opportunity in thanking Mr. Hall, the Honorary-President, on the part of the boys of the committee and all the members of the Chalet, for all the time and effort he has put into it.

E. C. M. HICKEY, President,
(Form M VI)



SPORTS

Photo by George Robertson, L.C.C.





FIRST TEAM HOCKEY

Back Row: G. WIGGETT, Esq., Coach, T. WHEELER, R. ROSS, D. WILKS, P. REAPER, D. HYNDMAN, Manager.
Front Row: G. GARNEAU, M. BOUSQUET, D. PRICE, K. SOUTAR, M. MCGEE, Captain, R. SETLAKWE, R. ING, B. HUTCHISON.

	Games Played	Goals	Assists	Points	Penalties in Minutes
<i>Goal</i>					
Garneau.....	13	0	0	0	0
<i>Defence</i>					
Reaper, L.....	13	4	1	5	22
Soutar, R.....	12	0	1	1	10
Wheeler, S.....	9	0	1	1	0
<i>Forwards</i>					
McGee, C.....	13	11	15	26	29
Price, R.....	13	15	10	25	10
Setlakwe, L.....	12	12	12	24	0
Bousquet, C.....	13	9	10	19	2
Ross, R.....	13	13	7	20	4
Ing, L.....	8	5	3	8	14
Wilks, S.....	11	1	2	3	4
Sperdakos, S.....	9	1	3	4	4
(Garneau, 2.81 goals per game.)					

HOCKEY

FOREWORD

The season, long delayed in arriving, ended late and well, with our successful defence, for the fourth year in a row, of the A.O.B.A. Cup, in a playoff with L.C.C. in the Memorial Rink. The regular L.C.C. fixture in Montreal had ended in a tie, when B.C.S. had lost a third period lead of three goals. The playoff was a different game; Lower Canada put up a tremendous struggle, but the School broke a one-all deadlock in the dying moments of the game with a four-goal outburst, leaving no doubt as to B.C.S. superiority.

T.C.S. proved a stumbling block again. This year's game went 6-4 against us, the School failing to hold an early lead.

The team had potential balance, plenty of speed, spotty forechecking, fair goaling, and a weakness in some quarters for penalties that handcuffed our effectiveness in key games. We had, undoubtedly, plenty of company in this respect, but we observe that all reliable hockey commentators are now agreed that the trend of current hockey toward illegal, but often ignored, mayhem is leading the game into ill-repute.

Looking ahead to next year, prospects for a clean, hardworking and effective team are bright. Some of the

holdovers played the cleanest, most consistent hockey this year. Replacements from the younger teams have the ability to play the team game capably—and to stay on the ice.

B.C.S. has dominated the hockey of the Tri-School circuit since 1944, yielding only once in the six years. May we profit by the past season's mistakes, and successes, and continue the leadership which the School is so capable of giving.

The School enjoyed two particularly good Old Boys' matches. Johnny Gray was unable to ice his full team, due to other obligations on the part of four of his 1947 team, but gave us a grand game nevertheless. John Churchill-Smith and Pete Aird, two other ex-captains, brought another team out later in the season. It was so good a game that some of them postponed their retirement from hockey for at least one more year.

To the coach, Mr. Gerald Wiggett, a salute. His problems were thornier this year than at any time since he returned to his old school, yet his loyalty, his resolution, his patience, all of which have endeared him to hundreds of boys at B.C.S., were as steady as time. Nice pitching, Gerry; we shall welcome it again in 1951.

FIRST TEAM GAMES

FEB. 18TH—B.C.S. AT L.C.C.

With the School tiring in the third period, L.C.C. came from behind to tie 5-5. The game was played at the Forum in Montreal, and was tense throughout. Price starred, scoring 2 goals and getting 2 assists.

Ross and Bousquet scored the School's first goals, while L.C.C. scored 1. In the second period Price and McGee scored to put the School ahead 4-2, L.C.C. having scored one earlier in the period. In the third period the School tired obviously, and L.C.C. scored 3 to tie up the game.

ASHBURY-2 AT B.C.S.-7

Playing at the Sherbrooke arena, the first team outscored and out-played an Ashbury team by a score of 7 to 2. The game was clean all through, but a trifle slow. H. McGee headed the attack with three goals, scoring the only two in the first period to give the school a lead that was never lost. As the second period opened, Heney scored for Ashbury, but Reaper tallied later to put B.C.S. ahead 3-1 at the end of the period. Then Brown opened the scoring for Ashbury, but B.C.S. countered with 4 straight goals to win the game 7-2. These were posted by Ing, Setlakwe, McGee and Price.

Lineup:—Ashbury—Goal: Lee; Defence: Darby,

Sudar; Centre: Brown; Wings: Heney, Pritchard; Subs.: Cherrier, Maclaren, McInnes, Gill, Graham, Baldwin, Price.

March 11—T.C.S.-6—B.C.S.-4

Playing at the Forum—for the second time in the season—the school again weakened in the third period to let the opposing team score goals. The team showed superior skill over Trinity in the first two periods, but lost their fight in the third. McGee tallied the first minute of play but Little for T.C.S. tied the score. Ross and Setlakwe both scored in the first period but T.C.S. again rallied to leave the score at three all at the end of the period. As the second period opened, McDerment scored his second goal when Ross again tied the score with his second goal half way through the period.

T.C.S. scored two goals within three-quarters of a minute, discouraging the team beyond recovery. Overall, the game was clean although marred by poor refereeing in spots.

T.C.S. line-up—Goal: Gorden; Defence: Bruce, Robertson; Centre: Little; Wings: Emery, McDerment. Subs: Church, Hinder, Maier, MacGregor, Selby, Wright and Southam.

L.C.C.-2 AT B.C.S.-5 (MARCH 18)

The second game with L.C.C. was the last of the season and the school won it 5-2. The tension was heavy throughout the first two periods until the school scored three goals to win the game and the Old Boys' cup which was at stake in this match. Parkes opened the scoring for L.C.C. and then Reaper tied it up later on in the

period. The tension broke when the school scored four goals within five minutes, Price getting two and Ross and Setlakwe the other two. Parkes again scored in the last period ending the game with a 5-2 win for Bishop's.

Lineup: L.C.C.—Goal: Jaques; Defence: Timmins, Radcliffe; Centre: Parkes; Wings: Wilson, Binnings; Subs.: Robertson, Pollard, Holt, Montgomery, Dundas.

SCORES OF FIRST TEAM GAMES

U.B.C..... 3	B.C.S..... 2	B.C.S..... 2	St. Pat's..... 0
B.C.S..... 6	'47 Old Boys..... 5	B.C.S..... 12	Sherbrooke Juniors... 1
B.C.S..... 8	St. Michael's Academy 1	B.C.S..... 7	Ashbury..... 2
B.C.S..... 3	Old Boys..... 2	Lennoxville..... 4	B.C.S..... 3
Sherbrooke W.L..... 6	B.C.S..... 1	T.C.S..... 6	B.C.S..... 4
B.C.S..... 5	L.C.C..... 5	B.C.S..... 5	L.C.C..... 2
B.C.S..... 13	Ayer's Cliff..... 0	(Won 8, Lost 4, Tied 1)	

MINOR HOCKEY

Though they did not set the league on fire with wins or scores, we admired the spirit of the Mohawks, the second-string Midget entry in the Q.A.H.A. section, as representing the nearly extinct spirit of amateurism. Badly outclassed by older, more capable opposition, they loved to play, and clamoured for games against all comers. Sincere congratulations, Mohawks, and to the coach, Mr. Doheny, who, by the way, had more than the usual share of that stuff (and a lot of ability, too), when he played for the School.

Midgets Abenakis qualified as Second Team this season, after two years when they were ranked Third Colours. In Q.A.H.A. competition, the best they could do was to place third in a strong league, but they tied each of the League finalists once. At least four Abenakis should be ready for First Team next season.

Orphans struck heavy going in the Sherbrooke High School Senior League, but took Sedbergh, in Montreal,

2-0. Some ex-Orphans will be shooting for First Team berths in 1951, also. Mr. Price gave them most excellent instruction, in between his stellar performances for U.B.C.

Bantams, coached by Mr. Pilgrim, appeared to be the class of the Q.A.H.A. league, but faltered in the playoffs, and lost to St. Pat's in the last two games. Overconfidence may have had something to do with it; at times, they were a tip-top team.

The Prep Bantams entered as a registered Q.A.H.A. team this year, and met, invariably, older players, since most of the Preppers could have qualified for a younger classification. Mr. Gordon's charges put up a good showing, though, and took one of their games against Selwyn House in the inter-school matches.

All told, more than seventy-five players in the minor teams played in six to twelve scheduled matches.

SKIING

This year, as last year, there was little, if any, organized skiing in consequence of the fact that there was very little to ski on. There was a general flow to Hillcrest every weekend by private concerns and one or two organized sorties by the majority of the school, but the only customers that the practice-hill enjoyed were the die-hard and hopeful packers.

The first meet of the season was held at Holderness School in Plymouth, N.H., and I think our hosts deserve the team's sincerest thanks for their generous hospitality. The snow conditions were fast and sugary and, more important, abundant. The downhill was won by Bishop's by the infinitesimal margin of two seconds, McCulloch coming second and Burland third. Holderness then won



SECOND TEAM — MIDGETS

Back Row: R. BERLYN, R. HART, J. WILLIAMS, P. CRESSWELL, R. RILEY, A. MATHER

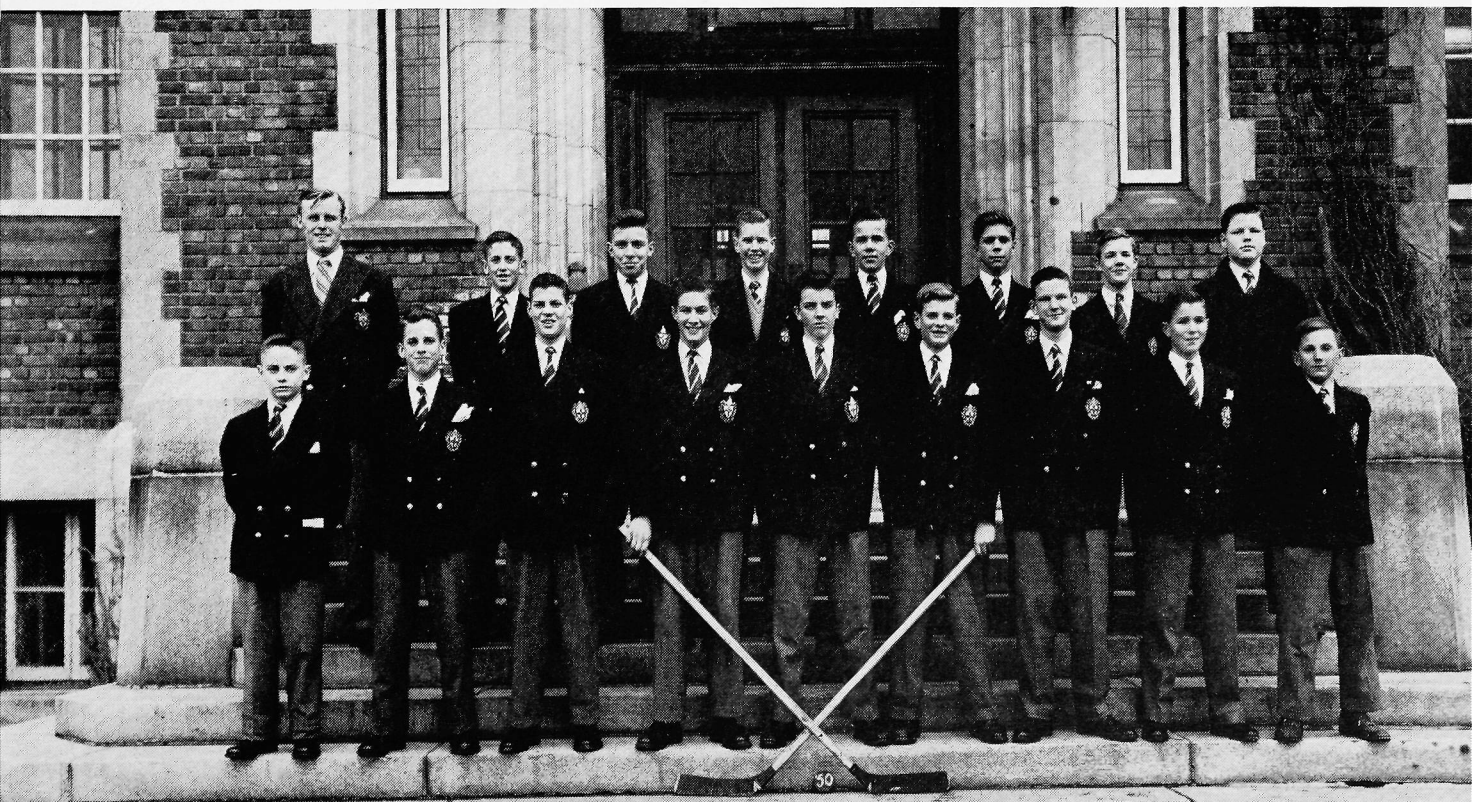
Front Row: J. WINDER (Manager), P. PORTER, L. MCBAIN, J. LUNDON, W. BADGER (Captain), B. MITCHELL, J. G. PATRIQUIN, Esq. (Coach)

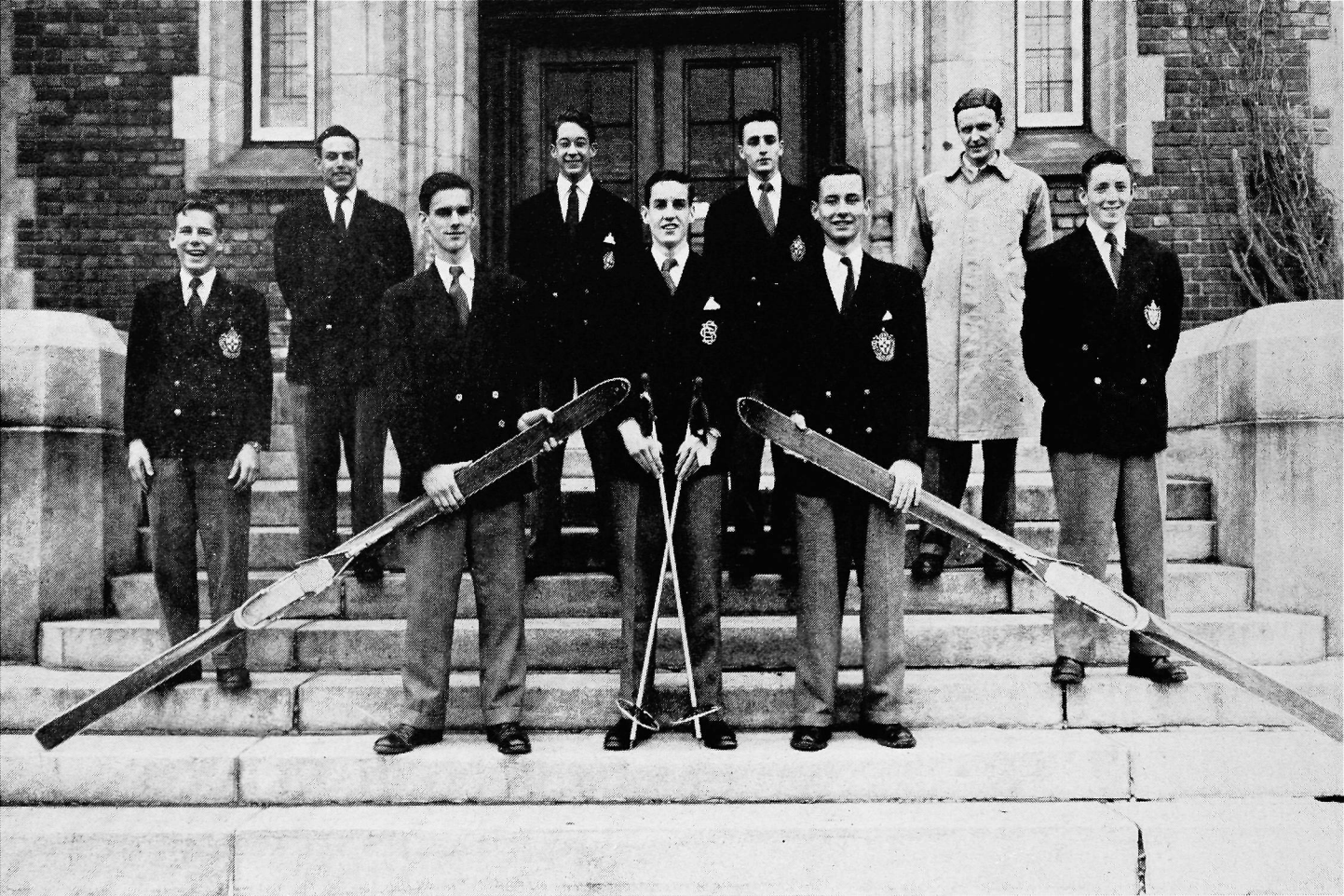
Absent: R. MCBAIN, P. POPHAM, M. SMITH

BANTAMS

Back Row: E. PILGRIM, Esq. (Coach), I. SOUTAR, D. HOBART, J. CHAPMAN, L. BURPEE, J. OGILVIE, P. MOLSON, J. O'HALLORAN (Manager)

Front Row: G. MANOLOVICI, J. CANTLIE, P. PRICE, J. PRATT, J. TURNBULL (Captain), J. TROTT, A. ASHWORTH, B. MACDOUGALL, R. SCOTT





FIRST SKI CREASE

the slalom by a combined time of eighteen seconds, although McCulloch again came second and Stewart-Patterson fourth. The cross-country produced another virtual tie with McCulloch first and Hugessen tied for third and the final results showed Holderness ahead by a slim difference of six points in three hundred.

The following weekend, an under-15 team of hockey players entered the senior division of the Eastern Townships Interscholastic meet at North Hatley and, in spite of their comparative age, came second.

At the same time, the First team competed against Ashbury and L.C.C. at Hillcrest with an eight-man team consisting of McCulloch, Hugessen, Burland, Willis, Whitehead, Ryshpan, Porteous and d'Auriol. Ashbury won the meet with ease and L.C.C. regained the Cochand Cup from us.

No team was entered in the Eastern Townships Open Championships on the next Sunday, but McCulloch, Garneau, Hugessen and Stewart-Patterson competed as individuals. It was sponsored this year by Manoir Orford at Magog, and conditions, for once during the winter, were excellent. All acquitted themselves well, although there were no spectacular results as there had been last year.

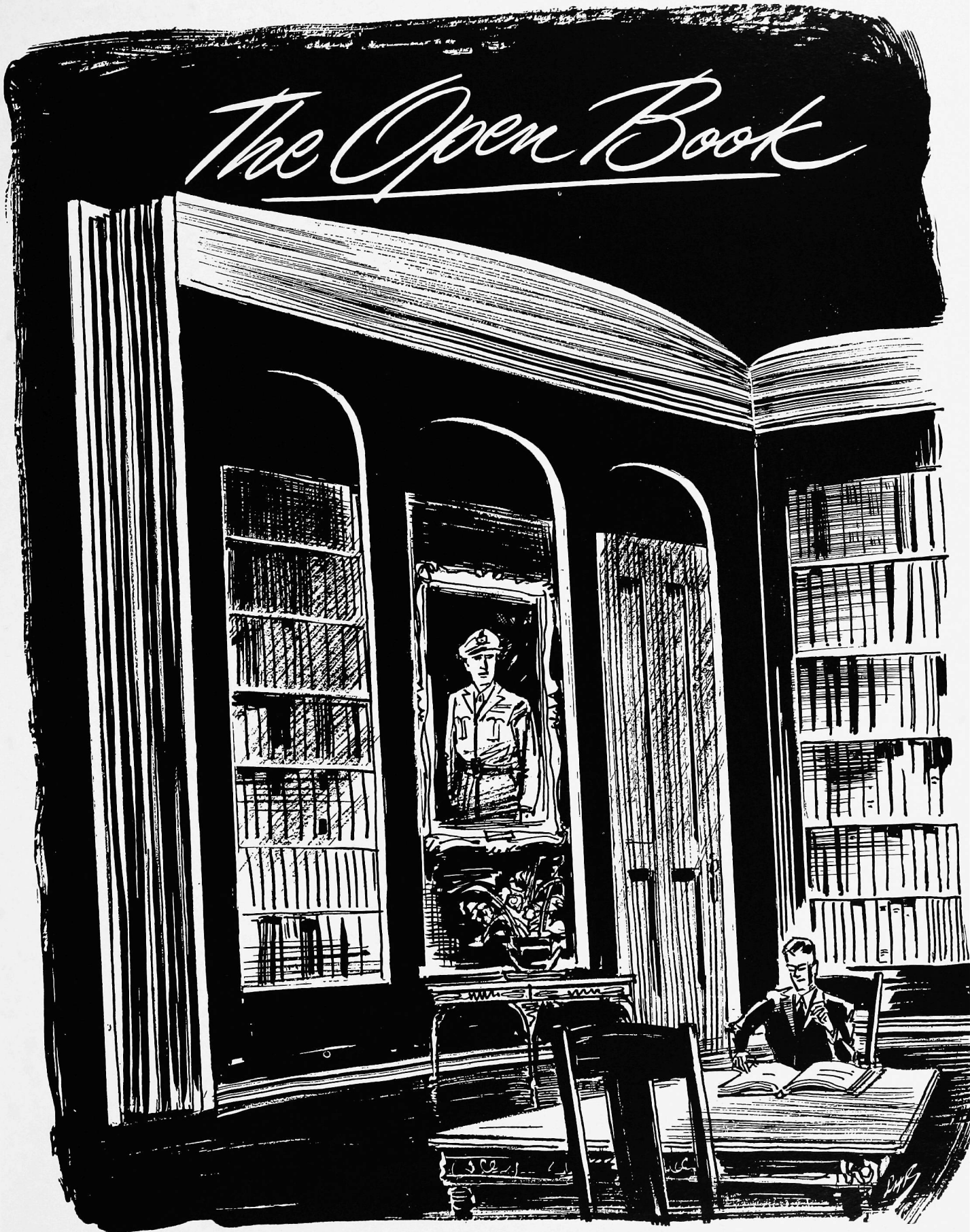
The final meet of the year was a return engagement with Holderness, held at Hillcrest. As our visitors could

only devote the Saturday to competition, it was agreed by both parties that we cancel the cross-country and hold a giant slalom on Schiller's Slip instead. The prevailing conditions indicated a market for some invaluable invention involving, in one simple unit, a motor-boat, bulldozer, skates, and possibly, as an accessory, skis. However, they were adaptable to our purposes and Holderness won both downhill and giant slalom by a slight number of points. The giant slalom, running from the peak of "Mt." Hillcrest to its distant foot, was a great success in spite of the necessity for an expert grasp of the terrain jump and the numerous detours between flags caused by the miniature ditches that pocked the hill. The small slalom was also won by Holderness, although we won the first four places in the first run. To describe the second run I can only use the worn query—Wha' Hoppen? Something did. Holderness won by a lead of eighteen points in three hundred and I hope the meet was a success in spite of our Canadian snow or, rather, the lack of it.

First team colours were awarded to McCulloch (Captain and Whittall Cup), Hugessen, Burland, Stewart-Patterson and Willis. We wish to express our thanks to Mr. Evans for his part in the season's meets and to Mr. Whitelaw for driving us down to Plymouth and back in spite of large, iron nails and dutiful American cops.

C. S.P.

The Open Book



THE HUGESSEN PRIZE POEMS

The following three poems, together with the poems "Science" and "Late Autumn Dawn" published in the January issue, constitute the winning entry. They are by C. Stewart-Patterson.

THE SHRINE

Sleeping in solitude, bordered by undergrowth,
 Shielded from tempest by green palisade,
 Wafting its incense to loftiest pinnacle,
 Painted by branches with freckles of shade,
 Lost in a bower of violets and shrubbery,
 Lifting her cross to the roseate dome,
 Bound to her mother by ivy and rose bushes,
 Hemmed by the fruits of the bountiful loam,
 Looking to heaven and free to the elements,
 Shuttered and bolted by clambering vine,
 Filling the glen with the silence of loneliness,
 Lost and forgotten by erring mankind.

TO MUSIC

As music soothes the wounds of troubled thought,
 And carries thee beyond thy daily life,
 Though born thereof, 'tis free from care and strife,
 Reviving fossilised age lest concepts clot.
 A thousand digits break the walls of kind,
 And bare emotions hid beneath the shell
 Of human flesh which melts before the spell,
 To tell where failed the tongue and pen combined.
 Its notes, subjective tongues of being, release
 The mocking doors of life to search the mind
 And stir thy fancy's feet until they find
 The wisdom lost in man without its peace.

SPENSERIAN STANZAS

The summer comes with glory in her wake;
 The queen of earth; her court the glorious day.
 A million flashing gems encrust the lake,
 And humble soil strews flowers in her way,
 While trees lift laden arms to meet her ray,
 An endless chorus sings with happy cry,
 And all creation's homage to her pay.
 But all by fate are surely doomed to die,
 And soon her end is brought with saddening quickness
 nigh.

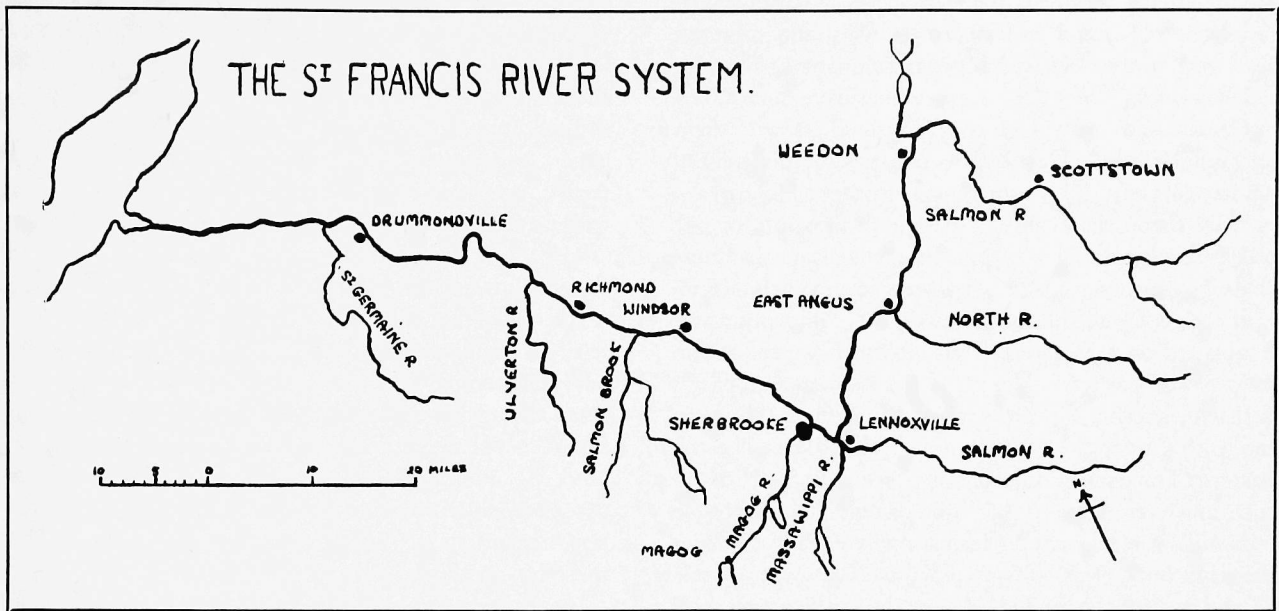
Though dying fast, she shows her glorious might;
 Emblazoned flags of battle line the shore;
 The summer's army rallies to the fight,
 Though staining wavelets crimson with its gore.
 Her pages crowd the littered, rotting floor
 Of earth beneath the grandeur seen by sky
 To seek for shelter from the gnawing hoar;
 Her swan's refrain the frosty winds defy,
 Till winter tempests chill her heart with raging cry.

JEUNESSE

by Kenneth Knatchbull-Hugessen

Thank God for life, for youth, for health, for spring,
 For love and friendship, and the peace they bring;
 For beauty, both in humans and the earth,
 For all these blessings granted without dearth.
 O life, my life, how I have cherished thee!
 The many pleasures thou affordest me,
 As well the bitter moments thou hast brought,
 Have not been wasted, are not spent for naught.
 For, knowing spring in youth and happiness,
 I have known beauty; and in her caress
 There lies the key to life. If there should be
 A youth whose heart's not filled with laughter free,
 A man whose soul does not regain its youth
 In springtime—then they have not lived, in truth!
 Then let us to the full our springtime live,
 Our hearts to all the joys of beauty give;
 For age from youth must its enjoyment borrow,
 Youth lives today what age must dream tomorrow.

SALMON IN THE ST. FRANCIS?



For generations boys at B.C.S. have been referring to the fish served at Friday's meals by the rather cynical name of 'St. Francis Salmon' or, when the fish is even more imposing, 'St. Francis Shark.' And now it appears that once there were real salmon in the St. Francis and that a sizeable tourist business was done because of them. Today, as the attitude of the boys points out, no fish but suckers will inhabit anything but the upper stretches of the river.

Let us now see what has caused this ruin of such a beautiful and potentially excellent river. We do not have to look far; the causes are, in the main, two: dams and pollution. On the St. Francis River itself there are seven major dams; each of these could be easily by-passed by the use of fishways and, indeed, such fishways have already been designed by Professor P. E. Nobbs who has received much helpful assistance from the owners of the dams. Pollution, however, is a more difficult problem and its many complex sides must be studied separately.

Pollution divides itself into two sections, industrial and domestic. Industrial pollution consists of the dumping into the river from time to time of certain chemicals, acids, bark and its accompanying gum, and 'white water.' Nearly all pollution will, if given a chance, render itself innocuous when given a sufficient supply of oxygen. This oxygen can be obtained either from the water itself or from other sources before the toxic substance is put into the water. Water oxygenizes itself when it is flowing fast or over rapids; thus it follows that whereas a certain amount of poisonous matter put into a large but slow-moving body of water will render it dangerous, the same quantity of poison when put into a narrow, swift river will very soon make itself non-toxic. Of course there is a definite limit to the amount of pollution that can be

put into any river and it is when this limit is exceeded and the water has not enough oxygen to correct it that the trouble arises. But as can be easily seen, these troubles in industrial pollution can be corrected simply by putting the guilty factors through bacterial filters, contrivances in which the first stages of de-pollution are undertaken by bacteria which take their oxygen from the air. The effluent, when it finally does reach the water, then needs but little oxygen to complete the purification process and this is taken from the river with no harm being done. Besides chemical pollution, however, there is the problem of the 'white water' mentioned above. This 'white water' which is seen spewing from the outlets of all pulp or paper mills consists of thousands of infinitesimal slivers of wood mixed into the water. These slivers, on being put into a river, spread themselves throughout the water. Any fish taking through its gills water which has these little slivers in it, is finished, for these minute daggers pierce the delicate skin and cause inflammation of the gills and an ensuing inability to breathe. It can be seen that no amount of oxygenation or dilution will prevent this. The only solution is to allow the poisonous water to pass through settlement tanks before putting it into the river.

The next form of pollution to be considered is domestic pollution or sewage. This is actually blamed for a great deal more harm than it really does. For sewage, in reasonably small quantities, such as any small town or village of not more than seven or eight thousand might deposit, does a great deal of real good to a river as far as the fish are concerned, by increasing the growth of vegetation and improving the amount of feed. A good example of the truth of this statement is seen at Brome Lake where the agricultural sewage from all around drains into the lake

whose bottom is covered with lush vegetation and whose waters abound with fish. The sewage from larger towns and cities is harmful in its very quantity and must be dealt with in the same way as normal industrial pollution.

Let us now look at the steps which have been taken in Canada to improve such conditions and compare them with similar steps taken in other countries. In this country we have a Federal law which reads in part as follows:—

"No person shall cause or permit to pass into or put or knowingly permit to be put, lime, chemical substances or drugs, poisonous matter, dead or decaying fish or remnants thereof, mill rubbish or sawdust . . . into any water frequented by fish or that flows into such water, nor on ice over such water." What this statute means, in effect, is that it is forbidden to throw anything, even an old tin can, into a river. In a highly industrialized area like the Eastern Townships, this law has met the fate of all such too-severe laws—it has been disregarded. A private individual can take action against any company breaking this law, but unless he is prepared to follow the appeals all the way to the Supreme Court, he will have to drop his case. This means that for practical purposes the law may just as well not exist at all. We must, then, look to see what we can find in the way of good, workable pollution legislation. We do not have to look far; the State of Connecticut has what has proved to be the most efficient system in the world. Under the Connecticut law the whole matter of pollution is under the jurisdiction of a board which carefully examines the conditions in each river and then decides just exactly what degree of pollution may be safely put into it. In other words, anyone operating a factory on a river in Connecticut must learn from the board just how much matter he may put into the river and, if he exceeds that amount, he must install and operate a bacterial filter such as described earlier. This legislation shows remarkable good sense and, provided that the board is unbiased and not too much under the influence of politics, would make an admirable foundation for a similar law in Canada.

It is now time to look at the rivers of the Townships themselves and see just what their troubles are and how, if at all, they can be solved. The St. Francis is undoubtedly the most important river under discussion; it has the largest drainage of those in the area and is potentially the most productive. Ever since the great massacre of salmon took place just under the dam at East Angus in 1897 the number of fish in the river has been steadily decreasing. Even up until ten years ago there were still about ten or fifteen salmon per annum being caught in the commercial nets at the mouth of the river. It is now doubtful whether there are any left that call the St. Francis their home. Apart from the dams, which have already been mentioned, let us see what it is that has caused even the coarser fish to abandon the middle and lower stretches of the river. The answer is found in the fact that pike and doré are still being caught in quite large numbers

above East Angus. It is at this prosperous town that the initial pollution trouble starts. From the great mill here large quantities of chemicals and 'white water' are poured forth daily in an untreated state. The river has not nearly enough oxygen to cope with this great mass as the stench and condition of the water at Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, fifteen and twenty miles further down, will readily testify. At Sherbrooke, the main river is met by a large tributary, the Magog, which, though it was never a salmon river owing to the falls at its mouth, once contained many fine fish but is now barren because of a large textile mill a few miles out of Sherbrooke. The dyes, etc., from such mills are particularly harmful to fishing and this one pollutes not only the tributary but also the main river for several miles downstream. The effluents from both this mill and the one at East Angus could easily be rendered innocuous by means of the bacterial filters described earlier. Further down river there are also fairly large pollutions at Windsor Mills and Richmond but these too could be easily cured.

Apart from industrial pollution, there is also a little domestic pollution which must be considered. As was pointed out earlier, a little sewage in a river probably does more good than harm and so we can safely disregard all the smaller towns and villages that line the river bank. But even when this has been done there still remains one large town which does the river considerable harm. This is Sherbrooke, a small but fast-growing city at the junction of the St. Francis and Magog Rivers which is quite large enough and prosperous enough to support a sewage disposal plant of its own.

The St. Francis is not the only river to have been thus spoiled by pollution; the Yamaska and the Richelieu have also been hit, although not so hard, by the disgusting habits of mankind. Both these rivers still contain fish, although not salmon, but these are rapidly diminishing in size and quantity. A little hard work could soon put everything to rights.

It is infuriating when we realize that all that is needed for the restoration of these rivers is a little modernization of legislation and outlook and a cost that would soon be repaid in the benefits to be gained.

It has been estimated that the original cost of restoring the St. Francis would be about \$290,000 and that in a few years the revenues from the salmon fishing alone would reach about \$165,000 per annum minus about \$120,000 for upkeep. Thus we see that the restoration of the river by a private company would soon be a paying concern. These figures, of course, do not include the income to the residents of the riverside who would gain a sizeable sum from their various services such as guiding, erecting shelters, and so forth. Then also, we must not forget the revenues from the tourist trade which will greatly increase the business for store-keepers, hotel-owners and the various professional men of the district.

A potential million-dollar industry is being lost to the

Eastern Townships, but with a little intelligence on the parts of the mill-owners, the inhabitants, and the sportsmen we will have a river, estimated to be almost as good as the Restigouche, only one hundred miles from Montreal.

Somewhat more than seventy years ago there was a sizeable business done in the St. Francis Valley from salmon fishing and the ensuing tourist trade. Since then the fishing has steadily decreased; fifty years ago there

were still many trout; between twenty-five and thirty years ago the river abounded at all points with pike and doré. Today one can see the fishermen pulling the suckers from the river with worms and rusty hooks.

J. HUGESSEN

(I must express my sincerest thanks to Professor P. E. Nobbs of Montreal for providing me with much useful help and kindly supplying me with much material garnered from his own experience.)



ON YAWNING

Mr. Webster calls it 'An involuntary opening of the jaws caused by drowsiness,' but we know it as a yawn. The word itself suggests the action and it is this that catches my fancy. Granted, some yawns are just what Mr. Webster describes, but I like to think that the majority aren't.

For an excellent example let us take the spawning pool of yawns, a form room on a summer afternoon. Naturally, it is of vital importance for the scholars (and I use the term loosely) to learn how the pygmies in the Southeast Congo live, but there are unfortunately a few foolish students that find the lesson uninteresting. The whole proceeding usually starts with an 'English yawn' which is as much to say 'there must be something better to do.' This usually comes from one of the more prominent members of the class. It is now that we find that the statement about yawns being contagious is no fallacy, for before very long one can observe the very timid boy crouching low in his seat trying to stifle his yawn by twisting his face into all sorts of nasty positions, and ending up by looking flushed and embarrassed. This type annoys me greatly, for there is nothing I dislike more than seeing a good yawn wasted. Then, of course, there is the one who yawns for the world to see. A healthy yawn, exposing a large black cavern just below the nose.

However, getting away from schoolboy yawns, we come into a world of yawns. Perhaps the most common everyday one is the waking-up yawn. This is undoubtedly the best executed of all the yawns of the day. Being in a state of semi-consciousness, one is inclined to ignore Emily Post, and act in accordance with our rather vulgar animal instincts. Unfortunately, during this moment of jaw-breaking paradise, it always dawns on us that we have a dreary day ahead of us, and the yawn usually turns into a long sigh of resignation.

Yawns come in variety of kinds and sizes, The sizes are regulated by the capacity of politeness in the individual. The kinds are an altogether different matter. Like all things, there are genuine ones as well as synthetic ones. The genuine yawn generally comes on unexpectedly. It is one of the nicest natural sensations that our body can experience. There is a satisfaction to be obtained from a genuine yawn somewhat similar to a good sneeze. Of course, a genuine yawn must be genuinely yawned. By this I mean that one must stretch all the muscles in the body and relax as much as possible.

The utmost discretion must be used in enjoying this type of yawn, for there is a sect of people in the world whose puritanical ideals limit them to the synthetic yawn alone. The typically snobbish yawn is performed mostly by women and is capable even of stopping a senator from proceeding any further with his long and detailed oration. There is a flutter of a dainty handkerchief as it is gingerly patted over the slightly parted lips. The patting is sure to attract attention and when it does, half-closed eyes and a blank expression usually convey the idea of boredom to the object in question. It is, of course, in strict accordance with the laws of society and casts no reflection on the person who does it.

This odd custom of covering one's mouth when yawning can be traced back to the early Roman Empire about the year 500 B.C. It happened one day that a certain Emperor, whilst in the process of yawning was at the same time troubled by an itchy nose. His courtiers saw him go through the motion of putting his hand to the vicinity of his mouth, and being of no imagination, all followed suit. What a dilemma we would be in if the Emperor, instead of having an itchy nose, had been wearing woollen britches at the time.

D. K. SOUTAR,
(Form M VI)

LEADERSHIP

Hale Memorial Prize-Winning Essay

The last fifty years have seen a phenomenal advance in the history of civilization. There has been more progress in this short span than in any other two centuries. Both in the fields of pure and applied science, man has bettered himself and increased his knowledge of the earth until his known realms of thought and creation are beyond the conception of any one man.

It is this vast empire that the youth of the world have inherited. It is today's schoolboy who must fill the shoes of such great leaders as Truman, Churchill, Stalin, St. Laurent and Attlee to lead the great nations of the world toward a permanent peace.

It is unfortunate that side by side with the development of civilization there has been an advancement of means by which man may destroy himself so that while, on one hand, he seeks peace, there is an undercurrent of desire for power and national gain. It is true that the subjugation of the world under one supreme central government would cause international strife to cease, but racial pride and jealousy could never make it a true peace. With the advent of atomic energy and the subsequent, though still theoretical, development of the hydrogen bomb, reputed to be a thousand times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb, the world faces a grave crisis. The destructive power of atomic energy if utilized to its full potentialities is almost limitless. If used for peaceful purposes, it can and will eventually revolutionize the whole commercial and industrial world and the everyday life of every man, woman and child on earth.

It is our choice. Shall we destroy civilization or shall we preserve it for the imminent peace-time harvest?

To meet this crisis, the world must have leadership—leadership not born of fear and threats and pure force, but of mutual respect and trust. It is the duty and heritage of Canada and the United States to meet this challenge and take over the burden. It has been the invariable rule throughout history that the ancient and great nations of the world must eventually relinquish their throne to the ambitious, growing, youthful, rising nations. The great empires and seats of civilization and prosperity of China, Egypt, Greece, the great Roman Empire, and Spain have all had their rise and fall and have retired into obscurity after their reign to make way for youth. Thus it is with the old nations of today who fostered us. Great Britain, for instance, though still extending a guiding hand in world affairs, is becoming weary, and in her stead, her children rise to lead the world.

The United States have already taken their place among the great, and Canada is beginning to lift her share of the load and to answer her own responsibilities. Owing mainly to her small population and her great expanse of practically uninhabitable wastes, she is far behind her southern cousin in commerce and industry.

But she is attaining maturity and releasing her mother's apron strings. She is tapping at last her almost limitless store of hidden wealth. Into her lap pours an abundance of oil and minerals. She has her whole future ahead of her with ample opportunity to expand and rise to the top.

With the coming of the atomic age and its momentous consequences, Canada has come into her own. Though the theoretical use of hydrogen has superseded that of fissionable uranium, still the Canadian stores continue to place her in the forefront in the question of atomic control. Her scientists are equal to any and the Chalk River development is behind those of the United States only from a financial standpoint. Canada, though rich in material, has not the population at present to support the billions afforded by the United States in atomic development. Nevertheless, we have reserved a strong place in the atomic world.

We are living in a time when science rules the life of every human and we must stimulate and improve our educational system to meet it. We must train our youth to uphold responsibility and to understand world affairs and the problems which face us in order that they may strive effectively to meet and improve them. The importation of displaced persons should be encouraged in order that the population may be increased and that they may augment the number of skilled workers in Canadian industry.

It has been suggested that Canada and the United States should unite to form a single strong nation. But it is obvious that Canada would be forced to accept the American government as its own and that the south would dominate the affairs of the country, and though we are basically of the same race there would inevitably be internal conflict. We look not for leadership in power, but in respected counsel and firm guidance in world affairs. We must be strong enough to maintain respect and to offer protection, but not to use our power to encroach upon others. America must unite in purpose but not necessarily in actual unity of government. To aid in the engendering of mutual cooperation and understanding between both powers, each should delegate a representative party or individual to attend the respective parliament or congress meetings as an international medium, in order that each might interpret clearly the other's problems and thus reach an agreeable and mutual settlement in matters of foreign and inter-allied policy.

We must now take another look at the pages of history. In the medieval world there were no nations in our sense of the word, but rather separate towns and communities as alien to each other as today's countries. They were as remote from each other in travelling time as the nations of today, and consequently trade tended to be interurban rather than international. Yet, almost imperceptibly, these scattered communities were able to weld them-

selves together into nations free from internal strife. The scattered countries of the modern world are as towns in the great nation of the earth, and, as transportation cuts space into a matter of hours, this becomes even more true. This union was accomplished partly by fear of oppression and partly by necessity for concord resulting from the aggressive problems of the times. The fears and problems that face the present age involve not merely oppression and foreign domination, but the pervading and horrible threat of total annihilation and destruction. As in medieval times, we have our alien communities and our

persuasive and overshadowing fears. Thus, we see that international peace is a tangible possibility and that the confronting problems are not, as they seem, insurmountable.

But purpose alone does not accomplish dreams. If peace is to be secured, the world must have leadership. The United Nations provides this, but even a body such as this must have respected leadership to guide it. It is our duty and heritage, cooperating with the United States, to furnish this need.

C. STEWART-PATTERSON (Form V Arts)

TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN

Of good advice
A train door's full:
If you don't have PUSH
You're going to need PULL.

T. P.

THE INVISIBLE HAT

I will never forget the experience that I had last summer. It was a rather sunny day, a week before I went down to Maine for a month. My wife told me to go downtown and buy myself a summer hat that would also look well enough to wear in the street. I went on this excursion rather reluctantly, and, after being pushed around like a tackling dummy out at a Notre Dame football practice, finally reached the store. The exterior seemed innocent enough, but the inside would have made the strongest man blanch. I finally reached the information bureau and asked a young lady where I could locate the hat department. I was informed with a malicious grin to go to the far corner of the store. When I arrived at this distant point, I perceived a large sign informing me that I had now reached the women's hat department. (Darn these women, always thinking of their own sex!) After exploring the store thoroughly, I finally located the men's department. I had quite an obliging salesman waiting on me, but, unfortunately, he was rather young and, I regret to say, a liberal sort of chap. After showing me every kind of hat he could find, usually adorned with the most awe-inspiring creations, I managed to choke out, "Have you anything a little more conservative?" I was considerably relieved when he brought out some plain hats from under the counter. I chose a brown pork-pie and, seeing that it was my size, quickly paid for it and battled my way out.

The sun was far hotter than it had been an hour before, so I donned my new hat. Then, suddenly, I was hit by an enormous man. I cursed him and began to tell him what I thought about him, but before I could finish, he turned and ran. I flexed my muscles with wondering respect. I hailed a number of empty taxis without success and when I tried to take a street car, I had the door

closed in my face although the car was practically empty. But what gave me the shock was when I walked in front of a mirror and saw nothing but blank glass. Ten minutes before I had been considered a perfectly normal American man, and now I was invisible.

When I had climbed the steps of my house, I rang the doorbell and my wife answered the door. She cursed in her own peculiar feminine way about young rascals bothering her and slammed it violently. I again rang and kept my finger on the button until she came. She opened it quickly and then shut it so suddenly that I almost lost my head. Instead, I lost my hat and instantly became visible. The third time I rang, she answered right away and I walked in unthinkingly. It was a tactless move and my head met the unyielding wood of a trusty rolling pin. When I regained my senses, I was lying in an awkward position on the living-room couch. My wife was evidently not particularly repentant.

"Tony, it's about time you grew up."

"But, darling, I was outside the door all the time, but I was invisible."

"I don't believe in that sort of thing," she said.

"It's true. I wore a hat and it made me invisible."

She laughed.

"It's in the bushes outside, where it fell off my head when you slammed the door. I'll show you."

I went out, found it and came back with it on. "Well?"

She struggled to keep a straight face. "You'd better lie down, darling. It's been a hot day."

I took it off and looked at the label. It was somebody else's. From that day since, I have been trying to get people to believe me. I hope you will.

M. A. ASHWORTH
(Form III-A)

THE WOLF AND THE RABBIT

As dawn broke, a ray of light pierced the dusty interior of the cell, and at its entry, the young boy painfully shifted his position on the hard cot and watched the pattern which it made on the opposite wall, that of a square of light, vertically divided by thick, dark lines.

His observations were soon rudely interrupted. There was the sound of a step and the click of a lock and the cell door swung open revealing a repulsive individual holding a key ring in his fat hand. Behind him stood two grim Prussian soldiers, their spiked helmets reflecting the ray of sunlight.

The boy stood up. He was naked to the waist except for a broad triangular bandage which covered his chest from the left shoulder to the right hip. Midway down the bandage was a red stain, still damp, showing that he had been badly wounded and that the wound had not yet healed.

"Come," said the larger of the two soldiers, looking down into the face of the terror-stricken young captive.

"Is it true that you were shot trying to escape from this prison with three of your fellows, my young Frenchman?" This speech, spoken suavely in the most excellent French, was addressed to the young boy, with whom we have already come in contact.

"Oui, Monsieur." He raised his eyes to the face of the man before him. Cold and cruel, it was expressionless and its profile startlingly wolf-like.

"I wish you to tell me the plans of your countrymen as to their escape, for you have certainly been told of them before the attempt. Speak!" No answer.

"You will be allowed to go free if you tell me the whereabouts of the convicts."

Freedom . . .

"If you do not submit to my will, you will be tortured!"

Torture . . .

"Bring me your bayonet, Herr Lieutenant."

The knife . . .

"Monsieur! Je vous dirai ce que vous voulez savoir!"

"Bon. Dites-moi."

"Mes amis iront . . ." The terrified boy, sitting in a hard wooden chair, flanked by the soldiers and bullied by the captain, revealed hesitatingly the plans of the fugitives. They would make, he said, for the nearest railroad, five miles to the northeast, and by it attempt to reach the Danube. Then, using this as a means of transportation, they hoped to find safety in the lower countries and thence, go to France via Italy.

In German: "Lieutenant, take some men to the railroad station. Have blocks put up and make sure that escape is impossible for the three men." Then, in French, for the benefit of the terrified prisoner, "We have no more use for this boy. He will be a nuisance if kept here. Take him outside and have him shot."

Not far from the walls of the prison, one might have seen a small brown rabbit exploring for food under cover of the underbrush. Having found nothing, he ventured out onto the open field in search of the sweet clover which covered the ground. He soon finished his repast and turned back towards the woods. A few minutes before, a wolf had eaten his fill and then turned towards the same spot. They met on the edge of the wood and the wolf lunged. But he had eaten his meal and merely snapped the frail neck and turned away disdainfully, leaving a small pitiful carcass on the bloody grass.

Two roads lead from the prison, one northeast, the other southeast. Along the southeast road, a detachment of Prussian soldiers were marching quickly toward the railway station. One might have thought that they were going to catch a train, but each had a rifle slung across his back.

Along the southeast road, a black car moved slowly away from the prison. Driving it was a soldier and beside him sat another. In the back, sat two more, and between them peered the pale face of a young boy. His expression of fear and the rifles carried by the men explained the mission of the car. Stopping the vehicle near a large tree and disembarking, the men laid hold of the boy and tied him to it. Then the first three moved back, their rifles at the ready.

The fourth slowly began to count.

"Hurry, Pierre, or we shall miss the train."

The three men crept cautiously through the woods, heading northeast. Responding to the urging from their leader, they quickened their pace.

Pierre whispered to his companion, "You can tell the time from the sun, Jacques. What time is it?"

"It is about five, mon ami."

"Hurry, then. We must pass the prison which will take great care, and we must be at the tracks within an hour."

Henri, the third man, grumbled: "Why did we stay in the woods until the train came by? We could have waited at the tracks."

"Yes, and if we had, we would not be alive, now. They will have searched the area."

"I don't think they have enough men. They do not know our plans and can't search the whole area."

"I have seen a large black car heading southeast with men in it."

"Good. Then we are heading the right way."

"We should have brought some food with us. We have not eaten since we escaped."

Suddenly, Jacques grabbed his companion's arm. "Look down there," he said, pointing to the woods' edge. "Is that not a dead rabbit?"

At the foot of the slope, lay a small dead body, its head in a still damp pool of blood.

"Quick, let me get it."

"But it is dead meat and we have not time to go out of our way. However, my stomach tells me that you are right."

Jacques cautiously slid down the slope out of the cover of the woods. He reached out a hand to seize the animal, then looked up instinctively. For a moment he stared, then came running up the slope.

"It is Alphonse in the black car," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "They have got him and are going to shoot him."

"But Henri said he was dead."

"But I was sure, I tell you. I saw the bullet hit him

and come out the other side." Henri looked at his companions.

"Yes, but he must have lived and told them our plans."

"What can we do now?"

"To the southeast, quickly. The car will soon return to the prison."

The men faded into the gloom of the forest.

The shot rang out, and the body slumped against the tree. Two small defenseless animals lay dead and two merciless wolves went unpunished. But, through their death, the prey of one escaped unscathed.

G. S. D. CANTLIE

(Form IV-A)

SEASONAL OCCUPATION

On an autumn day a touchdown play
Sets the sidelines wildly cheering;
In winter we scream for the hockey team
As it sets a pace unsparing;
Or we pin our hopes on snowy slopes
And deeds of skill and daring . . .
Ah, spring once more! What thrills in store?
Oh yes—pioneering.

T. P.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

In the ancient and awe-inspiring annals of South Bampton, Arkansas, the South Bampton speed classic had played a prominent and glorious part. This year, as ever, the entire three-hundred-soul population of the great metropolis was arrayed in scattered ranks about the mile-long oval. The presiding speaker's face was bug-eyed with wonder and his cadaverous, rather pasty features were marred by a cavernous oral cavity that betrayed both his amazement and his false array of molars. He was not the only one. Had there been three hundred homeless flies in the arena, they would have all found warm shelters. Tom Sinclair's brand new Daimler 400 was merely unheard of, not impossible. The other apparition that graced the starting line was unimaginable. The spectators could fathom the old 1937 Buick—Ford—Dodge—Chev., but when you added Blacklaw to the combination, it was beyond the normal scope of human conception. However, Professor James Blacklaw, M.Sc., Ph.D., seemed unperturbed by his surroundings.

The starter put his hands over his eyes, shot the gun and ran. The Daimler shot ahead and screamed around the first turn. Nobody watched it. All eyes were staring fearfully at the contraption which continued to sit placidly on the starting line. All sighed with mixed relief and disappointment. Tom Sinclair had boasted that he had wagered a thousand dollar bet with Professor Blacklaw as to who would win and had added insult to potential financial injury by enclosing the two little

copper wheels that were the prize usually reserved for the crestfallen rearguard. There was a subdued buzz of conversation and speculation interspersed with loud derisive cackles from Tom's extensive army of relatives. Sinclair was half-way around now and still the Professor sat precariously on the edge of his seat groping frantically through a formidable array of switches and levers. Tom was rounding the last turn and waving his arm triumphantly when it happened.

Suddenly, all vestiges of ordinary sound were utterly annihilated by a cataclysmic explosion that made the seismographs jump in Missouri. The cyclotronic machine, that appeared at first glance to be an integral part of some eccentric architect's idea of a roof, spat fire in long majestic arcs and the whole apparatus flew around the track, shedding parts as a dog sheds hair. Sinclair completely forgot where he was and turned to watch with awe-filled eyes. The shiny new Daimler went wild, executed a number of assorted and admirable acrobatics and sped gleefully toward the judge's box, punching a rather messy hole in the ancient pine. All the Sinclairs screamed in perfect harmony, but the remainder of the crowd had their eyes glued to the screaming apparition that approached with ominous celerity.

For some inexplicable reason, the Daimler punched its way out of the box again and, spewing phenomenal clouds of greasy smoke, encamped itself contentedly in the centre

of the track. Had the wreck been human, the accompanying sounds would have undoubtedly indicated that she had consumed considerably more than the accepted genteel sufficiency of bodily sustenance, or to quote Mr. Thomas Sinclair's patrician words of wisdom, "She burped like I'd plugged her with ten gallons of beer instead of gas." He had demonstrated admirably.

Tom stared hypnotized at the grotesque vehicle that galloped, swam, crept and flew towards him, all in one awesome motion. What happened next is beyond description. To say that there was a violent explosion is decidedly a great understatement, but, to be perfectly honest, to say that Professor Blacklaw's machine was the papa of the hydrogen bomb would be just a trifle exaggerated, though not a great deal. The Professor himself explored the ether surrounded by a glittering halo of nuts and bolts and grimly clutching the steering wheel.

The first wan face to appear from behind the splintered grandstand beheld a small white cloud billow out behind the distant figure, and crawled back under the seat thinking the avenging angel had come. Another sweating visage saw their beloved science teacher hit the finish line with a small thud at the end of a parachute and sit up painfully, clutching the back of his pants and moaning gently. Other faces appeared. Sinclair crawled cautiously from under the dashboard and stared blankly around him.

The guest speaker surreptitiously wiped his bulbous proboscis with a proportionately large expanse of soiled linen and cleared his throat by way of experiment.

Before he could break into the heights of rhetoric, the crowd surged over the pocked track and lifted the bewildered professor onto its collective shoulders and deposited him with great ceremony on the judge's stand. Sinclair suddenly awoke and ran frantically over with his fists flailing the gradually recuperating air.

"We—I—they—you—you can't do this to me!" he expostulated vehemently. Then his face brightened and he slapped the professor in the centre of a considerable area of solar plexus. Blacklaw gasped hard and his tongue struggled for the far wall. Tom beamed affectionately around him and roared in a triumphant voice, "I was always under the impression that it was necessary to come across the line on two wheels to win this race, Montmorency—I mean Mr. Judge."

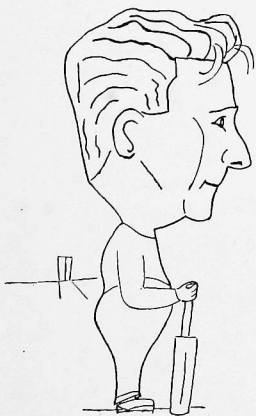
The professor winced audibly and fumbled tenderly at his posterior. "I did." He groaned in self-pity and produced two small, rather battered copper wheels from his back pocket. He held them aloft with a respect that was not entirely due to their potential value. "Satisfied? You can have them back. I like the cup better and it wouldn't be at all fair to keep them."

C. S.P.

POSTSCRIPT TO A CLOTHING LIST

I send a tie for press an' clean,
 She come back topsy-turve;
 De shirt dat's white, she come back green
 An' starch' wit' hawkward curve;
 My pants I send for crease unfurl,
 My coat for take out spot;
 De first dey fix wit' funny curl,
 De coat dey add a blot;
 But I no say I no lak dem,
 For once, dey send for free
 A nice sport-coat wit' fancy hem
 Dat no belong to me.

Anon.



CADET CORPS INSPECTION



"I see that today you fellows are upholding the standards and traditions of the School's Cadet Corps established by your predecessors."

With these words Col. J. W. Knox, C.O. of the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, brought to a close a most successful inspection on May 17th, held outdoors on the playing fields for the first time in three years.

At the beginning of the year prospects were a little unsettled, but under the excellent instruction of Sgt. Major G. B. Smith, formerly an instructor of the Black Watch, the Corps improved rapidly until it reached its previous high instruction standards.

The programme opened with the inspection of the Company and the Prep School boys by Col. Knox and the Cadet Inspecting Officer, Lt. Col. D. B. Buell. The Company then marched past the reviewing stand in

column of route, column of platoons, and in line. This was followed by company and platoon drill, P.T. exercises by the Prep School under the direction of Mr. H. Shields, and a demonstration of Guard Mount by a special platoon. The Company then fell in for the Advance in Review Order at the Slow March. After the final salute was given a hollow square was formed, and Col. Knox delivered a short speech and presented Cadet Lieutenant G. Morkill with the Strathcona Medal for the best all round cadet.

Col. Knox's party included Major Alan Boswell and Lieutenants David Glassford and George Huggett, all of the Black Watch and all Old Boys of the School.

Lt. Col. D. B. Buell, Director of the Royal Canadian Army Cadets, had as members of his staff Major Castonguay and Captain Laurencelle.

H. RYSPAN, (Form V Sc.)

THE PREP



"THE PREP" STAFF

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<i>Managing Editor</i>	— J. G. GORDON, B.A.

EDITORIAL

Due to the fact that there was very little snow at the beginning of the Lent term, we had no hockey or skiing for the first week. Many boys were getting impatient for winter to come.

After about a week of grumbling at the rain, we finally had our first hockey. Our season lasted until March 21st, when we had our last game. Unfortunately the hockey team was not very successful. In the Q.A.H.A. Bantam league to which our team belonged, we competed against teams a year, or even two years, older than ourselves.

In skiing this year, thanks to Mr. Price, most of the boys improved considerably. We had two trips to Hillcrest, and one to North Hatley for a meet.

Many other activities were held last term. We had a Twenty Questions quiz, movies, hockey games to watch, the Upper School play, and so on. Without doubt it was a very good term.

ERIC MOLSON

NEWS BRIEFS

During the Lent term the Upper School put on six movies:—The Four Feathers, The End of the River, The Corsican Brothers, The Ghost Goes West, Nicholas Nickleby and The Yearling. The last few were held in the Prep Assembly room. The Prep has bought a short movie starring W. C. Fields. . . . A few days ago blinds were installed in the two junior dorms because the light often wakes the boys too early in the mornings. . . . The library has been completely re-arranged. The torn books were all thrown away and the remainder catalogued. New cards were made for them. The library is now much better and boys are now more interested and are reading more often. . . . On a Sunday night a few weeks ago, all the boys went to Mr. Whitlow's living room to play Twenty Questions. Everybody submitted questions. The panel was made up of Nesbitt, Molson, Pick, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Price, and Miss Reyner, and if you stumped them you got a chocolate bar. After the game there was milk, cookies and cake for everyone. . . . The Lent term was a bad one for casualties in the Prep. The worst one was Brandon Badger who fell over the bannisters while sliding down them and was quite badly hurt. Small knobs have been installed on the bannisters every two feet as a result of this accident. On the same day Bill Johnson broke his arm during hockey crease. This was bad luck for him and the whole Prep since it happened the day before our second game with

Selwyn House. Bailey and Sharp each sprained a leg skiing at Hillcrest. . . . Remove form is in the middle of producing a play: "The Monkey's Paw." It is to be presented together with a curtain-raiser on June 9th. The boys acting in it are Cowans, Tremble, Nesbitt, Blake and Johnson. Other Remove boys are looking after the stage work and lights, etc. It is the longest and hardest play Remove have tried this year and we hope it will be a success. . . . On one of the last Sundays of the Winter term we had a treasure hunt. The four teams had to read semaphore messages and find all sorts of clues to get to the Treasure. Derby found it first after following a trail of blood to where it was buried in the snow. There was a treasure for each team; a tobacco tin full of chocolate bars and peanuts. . . . A new baseball diamond was recently located above the rink. The whole Prep helped to burn the long grass off it so that it will dry more quickly. . . . Dams on the little streams behind the Prep were built again this year and many boys found to their discomfort that rubber boots aren't much use in three feet of water. . . . A few days ago Molson II and Derby started to make gardens. At first everyone thought that the seeds would rot in the ground because of all the rain we have been having. But if the weather improves a little, we shall probably have some pretty flowers in May or June.

PETER TWIDALE AND STAFF

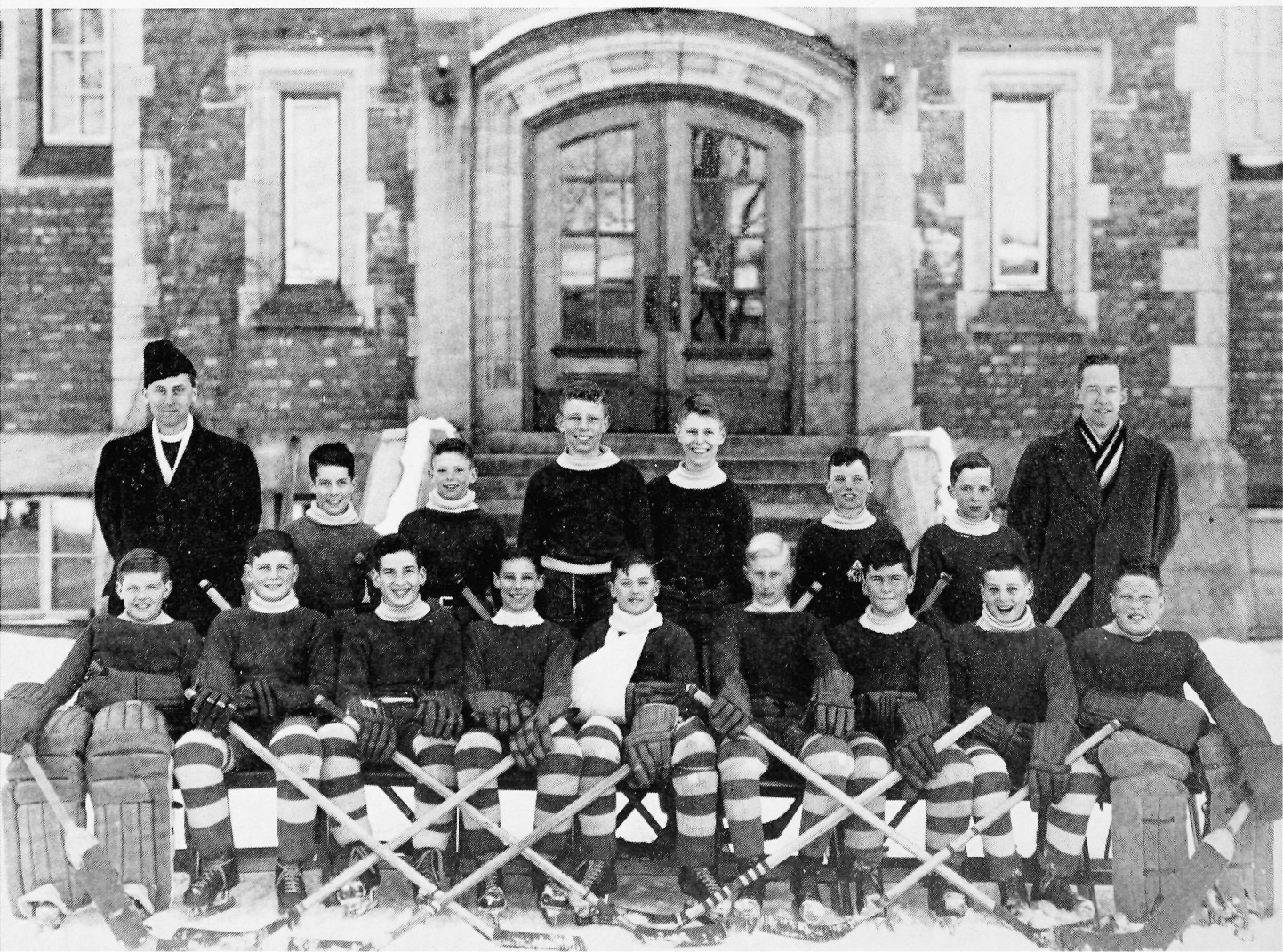
AROUND THE PREP



PREP SPORTS

PREPARATORY SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

First Row: R. MACNAMARA, G. WHYTE, J. COWANS, W. SHARP, W. JOHNSON, P. TWIDALE, I. MITCHELL, H. DIXON, M. PICK.
Second Row: REV. B. WHITLOW, I. SMITH, H. FRASER, J. DERBY, T. HUNGERBUHLER, D. TREMBLE, G. NESBITT, J. G. GORDON, Esq.



COACH'S COMMENTS

The 1949-50 Prep hockey team will certainly not be remembered for a tremendously successful season, but I, at least, will always think of them as a team with an exceptional amount of spirit. While never at the bottom of the local Bantam league (in which we were consistently outplayed by older, faster teams), we were always on the verge of tottering to that lowly position. But never did the team show more fight than on the days we struggled with teams we knew to be much better than ourselves. Perhaps some of our more promising players deserve special mention:

JOHNSON:—The Captain of the team and a dangerous man around the enemy goal. With more attention to back-checking, he will turn into an excellent winger. An unfortunate injury sustained during practice kept him out of the last game of the season.

TWIDALE:—Vice-Captain. Peter played excellent defence all year, showing that he has a clear head and a fast pair of feet.

MACNAMARA:—Although Mac had the occasional off day, he more than made up for this when he was on. He used his pads to great advantage.

MITCHELL:—Ian has all the makings of an excellent, hard-hitting defenceman, but due to a scarcity of forwards he was assigned to the centre berth of the first line. This position he filled capably, and at times brilliantly, ending the season as the team's top scorer.

COWANS:—The third man of our first line; John played competently at right wing. Speed was too often lacking

at the crucial moment, but his stick control and balance were excellent.

SMITH:—Ian played consistently brilliantly on defence all season. He was invaluable this year and if he continues to improve, he should be a star for the Prep next year.

DIXON:—The sparkplug of the second line; Hugh's speed is his strong point. He played well all season.

FRASER:—Hugh shows promise of developing into a tricky winger and should be very useful next year.

HUNGERBUHLER:—Tony has plenty of speed and drive, and when his control of the puck improves a bit, he will be a dangerous forward.

NESBITT:—Not fast enough for a forward berth, Graham settled down to play a steady game in defence and improved greatly during the season.

WHYTE:—Gregor was at all times a hard defenceman to get past, using his weight as he did to great advantage against the opposing forwards.

SHARP:—Bill developed into a useful and clever defenceman this season and it was unfortunate that a skiing injury forced him to miss the last few games.

PICK:—Although Michel didn't play in enough games to earn his colours, he deserves special mention for the admirable way he handled the unexciting and monotonous assignment of sub-goalie. Always putting the team's welfare ahead of his own pleasure, he was certainly one of the "behind the scenes" men without whom this season could not have been a success.

THE HOCKEY GAMES

PREP VS MITCHELL SCHOOL—AT LENNOXVILLE
SATURDAY, JANUARY 21. WON 3-0.

This was our first game of the season. It was an exciting but uneventful game as there was no scoring until the third period, when Johnson, Dixon, and Mitchell brought us three goals and a win.

JOHN COWANS

PREP VS ST. PATS—AT SHERBROOKE
SATURDAY, JANUARY 28. LOST 0-5.

This game was played on the worst ice we had all season. When the puck was shot it would only go about five feet and fall into a hole. We never came close to scoring, and the final score was 0-5.

TONY HUNGERBUHLER

PREP VS LENNOXVILLE HIGH SCHOOL—AT SCHOOL.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 28. LOST 1-4.

After a very hard-played game with St. Pat's in the morning, we were in no condition to meet Lennoxville this afternoon. In spite of the fact that we scored the first goal (Johnson), the outcome was never in doubt. We slowed down badly as the game went on and the final score was 1-4.

JOHN COWANS

PREP VS UPPER SCHOOL BANTAMS
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND. LOST 0-11.

This was a most unsuccessful game for us, as the score of 0-11 shows. Most of the goals for the Upper School were scored by Pratt and Trott, who played very well.

JOHN COWANS

PREP VS SELWYN HOUSE—AT MONTREAL

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6. WON 1-0.

Our game against Selwyn House in Montreal was excellently played on very rough and snowy ice at the McGill Rink. Our winning goal was scored by Mitchell from a beautiful pass of Johnson's early in the game, and we managed to hold them out for the second and third periods, although they gave us some anxious moments.

JOHN COWANS

PREP VS ST. PAT'S—AT LENNOXVILLE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11. LOST 1-6.

This was a very good game indeed. We played a hard game, although St. Pat's ended the first period leading 4-0. In the second period a goal was scored for us by Johnson from Cowans. The third period saw St. Pat's score two more goals making the final score 1-6.

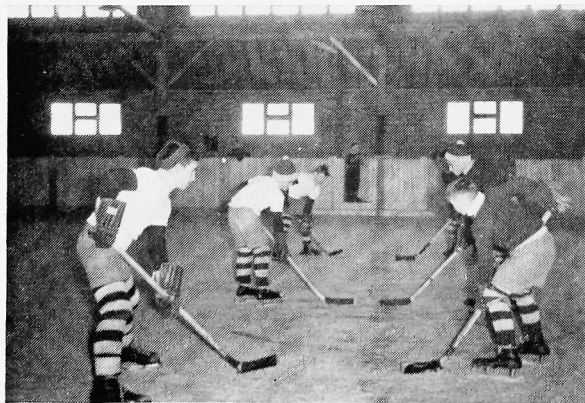
JOHN COWANS

PREP VS MITCHELL SCHOOL—AT SHERBROOKE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22. WON 1-0

We played a very good game and our passing was terrific and finally earned us a goal. This was scored by Mitchell (Assist: Johnson). We found Mitchell School a very friendly team to play.

JOHN COWANS



PREP VS SELWYN HOUSE—AT LENNOXVILLE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4. LOST 2-4.

On March 4th we played our return game with Selwyn House. The game started with both teams playing very hard. Mitchell opened the scoring for us (Assist: Dixon), but Selwyn House broke through our defence twice to end the period leading 2-1. The second period was very exciting and although Selwyn House had a definite advantage over us in power, they were unable to score. In the third period we bucked up considerably and Hyndman, playing as a substitute in his first game of the season, scored our second goal. But Selwyn House came right back with two more points to end the game with a score of 2-4.

JOHN COWANS

PREP VS UPPER SCHOOL BANTAMS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27. LOST 0-3.

This second game with the Upper School came out much better for the Prep as we managed to hold the score to 0-3, and very nearly scored ourselves several times. We played a defensive game and MacNamara was especially good in goal.

JOHN COWANS



DORMITORY CUP COMPETITION

On Tuesday, March 21, Dorm One played Remove for the Dormitory Cup. At first the game was a bit slow with nobody scoring till both teams were warmed up. Then Dorm One pushed into Remove's area and Hungerbuhler managed to get the puck past Whyte, who was Remove's goaler. Dorm One followed this attack up with three more quick goals by Fraser, Blake, and Mitchell.

The second period started with a goal by Remove. From then on the game went like a prairie fire. Remove scored three goals right in a row, tying the score at 4-4.

The third period started slowly until Mitchell scored for Dorm One. The game seemed lost from Remove's

viewpoint. There were only a few minutes left when Cowans scored for Remove to tie the score again.

The overtime period started with both teams playing their best lines and defence. The boys were playing harder than they had played all season. But both teams were even and neither made any headway. Ten minutes passed without a score. Then, with about three minutes to play, Cowans received a pass and sent a hard slap shot on Pick (who was goaling for Dorm One) which scored.

After the game (the last of the season), Mr. Whitlow presented the Dormitory Cup to Twidale, Remove's captain.

JOHN DERBY



SKIING

It is not easy to call a skiing season successful when grass has covered the slopes for half the winter; but this year, in fact, we have had just that. Good snow, when it finally did come, and an encouraging keenness on the part of the boys, made up in February and March for the rains and balmy weather of January.

Regular instruction periods were held in the afternoons, and such progress was evident by the end of February that a Prep School team was entered in the Eastern Townships junior meet at North Hatley. Although the team only came second, Bill Johnson distinguished himself in a dashing slalom victory and, by placing well in both the downhill and cross-country races, carried off the junior trophy.

Two pleasant and successful days were devoted to skiing at Hillcrest; the first for the whole school, and the second for twenty of the more advanced skiers who competed in a Prep downhill-slalom meet. A cross-country had been run off shortly before to count in a three-way standing. Graham Nesbitt emerged from these outings as the school's outstanding skier with his fast runs and the speedy downhill course, a shifty bit of slalom work, and a plucky effort in the gruelling cross-country. Mention must also be made of Peter Twidale, a steady and competent skier who would be a credit to any team. Both boys worked hard on their skiing and fully deserved their results.

In retrospect, it may be said that a noticeable step forward has been made in Prep skiing this winter. This advance may be attributed to a number of factors: the discovery by the boys of those natural qualities possessed

by skiing which have made it so popular in Canada in recent times; the encouragement given the sport by Mr. Whitlow, who has become an ardent fan and frequent participant; and the presence of older boys who were sufficiently proficient in skiing to provide a good example to the beginners. The aptitude of some of the more able to pick up the rudiments of parallel skiing was particularly gratifying to the coach, himself a student of the Allais school and the French technique. It is hoped that the boys will eventually grasp this new system, proven by the Olympic victories of the French team to be the best in competitive skiing.

To conclude this resume of the Prep skiing season with a hope for the future: May the keenness and spirit of '50 be present on the slopes of '51, and may those slopes be covered with snow from December to April.

PREP SKI MEET RESULTS

THREE-WAY COMBINED (SKI TEAM)

		points
1st	Nesbitt	300
2nd	Twidale	277
3rd	Mitchell	240
4th	Derby	236
5th	Juster	234
6th	Tremble	234
7th	Pick	223
8th	Dixon	220
9th	Molson III	218
9th (tied)	Cowans	218
	Johnson (unable to compete because of injury).	

A DAY OF SKIING

There was a rush after supper to see the list which was to name the four boys going to North Hatley for the Interscholastic Ski Meet. I was among the first at the notice board and fortunately found my name on the paper. With me were Nesbitt, Johnson, and Twidale.

That night I could hardly sleep; I was so excited.

The next morning after breakfast, Stephen Molson was added to the list and he got changed and ready. By the time assembly was over, all preparations were finished. We did not take classes that morning as we had to leave right away. Soon Johnson's father's car came and we left for North Hatley.

We arrived at the town hall about ten o'clock and got ready for the cross-country. It was bitterly cold. Finally my turn came when I heard someone shout, "Number nineteen"! During the race I was pretty warm.

B. C. S. N. H. L.

This year after we had played all our scheduled games, we made up teams to play against each other in the Bishop's College School National Hockey League. The four teams were: Toronto Maple Leafs; Montreal Canadiens; Chicago Black Hawks; and New York Rangers. Molson II was Captain for the Canadiens, Smith II for Toronto, Badger II for Rangers, and MacKay led the Black Hawks. We only had four games before the ice gave out, but we had fun. TONY HUNGERBUHLER

Right after the race ended, the six of us went to the Hob Nob for lunch. Twidale and I sat with the boys from Sherbrooke while the other four sat at another table.

In the afternoon the slalom and downhill took place. The hill on which the poles were set up was pretty steep. I was terribly nervous before both races. Johnson finished first in the slalom. In the downhill most of our team was beaten. When the events were over we started back.

We had a snack at the Hob Nob, after which we were invited to Johnson's house to wait for the prize-giving, which was to be held in the town hall at five o'clock.

At the prize-giving, Johnson won a shirt and also a cup for the best average in the three races. Following the prize-giving, we returned to Johnson's house until we left for school.

We arrived back at half past six, had supper, and a few minutes later went to bed.

ERIC MOLSON

BASEBALL

This term a lot of the boys brought back baseballs and baseball mitts and bats. When we got back we found the ground was still too soft for cricket, so in the afternoons many of the boys (and Masters, too, for that matter) have been playing baseball and softball.

JOHN COWANS





PREPARATORY SCHOOL SKI TEAM

Left to Right: G. NESBITT, Captain, S. MOLSON, REV. B. WHITLOW, R. JUSTER, D. TREMBLE, H. DIXON, M. PICK, W. JOHNSON, I. MITCHELL, J. COWANS, P. TWIDALE, J. DERBY, E. A. PRICE, Esq.

AN EXCITING DAY

"Brrrring!" the bell went. Everybody scrambled out of bed; put on their dressing gowns; rushed to the bathroom and started washing. In five minutes everyone was downstairs dressing in their ski clothes. Then we had a nice hot breakfast. After breakfast everyone was in the assembly room waxing their skis.

After a while we were all ready to go but the bus was not. While we were waiting, Mr. Gordon took some pictures. Finally it came; everyone bundled in, and off we went.

When we arrived at Hillcrest, we went in for tickets. Then we skied out to the hill where the tows were. Some of the skiers were just beginners on the tows but they soon learned.

Later in the morning there was an accident. While coming down a hill, Sharp stumbled and fell. He was

taken down on the toboggan to the lodge and was found to have a twisted knee.

After awhile we went in for lunch, which was very good. Then we wandered about for a short time before going back to the hills to ski. The afternoon passed quite quickly. When we came back from skiing we went to the Lodge and had soft drinks. We waited for a long time but there was no bus. It was late again. At last it came but, worst of all, it got stuck. A truck came along then and attached a cable to the bus. However, this broke and the bus did not get out until just as another bus (which we had sent for) arrived.

When we got back to school, we put our skis in the shed and had supper. Everyone was tired, so right after supper we all went to bed and soon fell asleep.

RICHARD EAKIN

THE PREP LITERARY PAGES

REMOVE 1949-50

There are seventeen boys in Remove form this year,
 And all are unusual—most of them queer.
 Of course I may be biased, but just look at Nesbitt:
 I've no doubt at all that he means what he says but
 When he tells pal Molson he thinks English is greasy,
 Then beats him *again* (which isn't so easy),
 It seems a bit odd.
 And talking of oddness we must not forget Dixon,
 Who can't be dissuaded from trying all his tricks on
 The Masters (especially the clever high-brow ones),
 Who haven't the sense that is shown by John Cowans.
 He goes off to oil bats and argue with Eakin,
 About whether, in baseball, it is worth while to sneak in.
 Blake is just strange; no wherefores or why's,
 And as for MacDougall, he has too many eyes,
 Casey Jones is Bob MacNamara's ideal,
 While Pick is a terrible man at a meal.
 Bill Johnson's too brittle, too easy to break;
 But Bailey is sensible—when he's awake.
 Tremble's scorn of Coquette labels him as a "queer."
 And Sharp has a giggle that grates on the ear.
 There are some almost normal, like Mitchell and White,
 But even they are (if you know what I mean) still not
 quite.
 The only ones left are Pete Twidale—too slim—
 And John Derby—too big—I'm frightened of him.

THE ROCKET

"Ten seconds more," said the professor, his voice tense as he looked at his dials and controls.

"Five seconds," he said, mopping his brow. He looked at me and smiled drily.

The professor had been working on his Moon-rocket (as he called it) for two long years and had chosen me as his assistant. I had been reluctant at first, but he had persuaded me to go. Professor Eric Zircon was an elderly man of about fifty-five who had been to Cambridge and had studied atomic power since the beginning of World War II. With the help of Felix Gordon, an old man of eighty, who was too old to go, he had made the ship.

The engines were humming, ready to spurt into action. "Two more seconds," he said. Then, like a dog darting after a cat, the rocket jumped into the air.

For the next minute the professor turned knobs and pulled levers. Then he lay back in his chair and said, "We are now nearing Space. That is where there is no gravity. Look below."

I looked out of the window. It was like looking at a globe with no colours or lines on it. Then he said, "When we get into Space there is a big magnet under the floor which will attract the metal plates on your shoes. It will be quite hard to walk, but it is better than floating around in the ship!" He glanced at the altimeter and said, "We are almost there."

At that he got back to his levers and dials. I saw him turn a switch that he said was for the magnet and I felt my feet being pulled to the floor, but the rest of my body felt flabby. I suddenly realised that my arm was resting

on nothing. The Professor left his levers and started writing things in his notebook. "Now that the course is set," he said, "I don't have to touch the controls till we get near the moon."

He got up and slowly made his way to his bunk at the back of the cabin. He sat down and put his hand in a food container built in the wall. "Where's the coffee?" he said, in a rough way. Then he looked in and smiled to himself and beckoned me over. Out floated the coffee pot; then its top; and beside it came a black pancake of a thing. "That's our coffee!" he said. We both chuckled.

Then I looked at his wig. It was floating about a foot from his bald head. I smiled at him and pointed to it. He seemed rather embarrassed and walked slowly to the bathroom off the cabin. I chuckled to myself and lay back wondering if the voyage would be successful.

Suddenly I heard a strange noise. It buzzed and then hummed. Then the door from the bathroom swung open. I looked up to see the Professor's bald head bouncing against the ceiling. Then I noticed that I was moving upwards too. The Professor was frantically trying to make his way to the controls.

"The magnet!" he said, in a hoarse voice.

"There must be a battery burnt out!" I thought. "That means the engine will stop! Oh! Oh!"

The Professor was madly fiddling with the controls when . . .

"Good night, Price!" I heard from the Master's room next door. Oh, I was only dreaming. I turned over my pillow and went to sleep again. PATRICK BLAKE



MY HOME TOWN

St. Andrew's East is a very small but nice town on a very nice site. It is twenty-five miles up the North River and there are lots of rapids nearby.

The first paper mill in Canada was built there and there is a little of the canal left, but it has been partly filled up with garbage.

The town hall was built in 1862 and very few alterations have been made since but two or three years ago there was a small fire which burnt some of the back shed.

The tennis court is very popular in the evenings and on cool days. Almost every night except Sunday somebody is there. The baseball diamond is in use almost

every Sunday and almost everyone plays there. In the winter, if you want to clean it off, there is good skating on it.

The woollen mills employ almost everyone from 13 to 80. They dye and sell woollen cloth—mostly to big companies and to the Navy.

The Snack Bar is a pretty popular place; good meals, a juke box, and a "try your luck" machine.

I hope you have fun there if you go, or if you cannot get to St. Andrew's East, I hope you enjoy reading about it.

TONY HUNGERBUHLER

COQUETTE

Coquette is Mr. Gordon's car. She was bought in the fall term without any warning. Mr. Gordon gets more teasing than praise but she is a good car. (Thanks.—Ed.)

Coquette usually parks in front of the Prep. Her wheels appear to lean outwards and her roof sags, but still Mr. Gordon is proud of her. He sits bolt upright, and with proper pride manoeuvres with the greatest care this metallic monster which is liable to charge at you, if

you are stupid enough not to jump out of its way and climb a tree immediately you see it coming.

Both Mr. Price and Mr. Rush drive Coquette too, and Mr. Gordon complains that whenever they do so, Coquette breaks down. Last night when the three Masters were going out, she collapsed on the Prep road and for all I know she is still there. (She isn't. It was a purely temporary indisposition, and she continued quite willingly ten minutes later.—Ed.)

DAVID SCOTT



OLD BOYS

B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

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THE RIGHT REV. LENNOX WILLIAMS, D.D., *Honorary Chaplain*

GORDON H. MACDOUGALL, *President*

DANIEL DOHENY, *Vice-President*

J. CHURCHILL-SMITH, *Secretary-Treasurer*
(132 St. James Street West, Montreal 1, P.Q.)

HERBERT L. HALL, *Assistant Secretary*
(Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.)

Representatives on Scholarship Committee:

MAJOR E. DE L. GREENWOOD

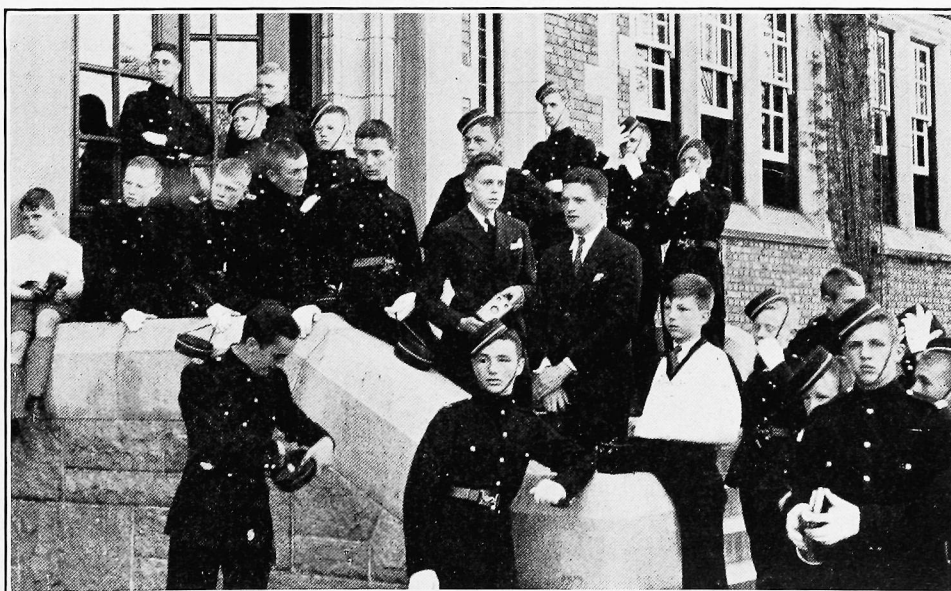
HON. MR. JUSTICE C. G. MACKINNON

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JOHN F. BAILLIE
JOHN CHURCHILL-SMITH
H. T. LANGSTON



"OFF PARADE, 1935"

To our recently-appointed Headmaster, C. L. O. Glass ('28-'32), Esq., M.A., we extend congratulations. That the School may continue to prosper and grow, will, we know, be his aim as it is the wish of all friends of B.C.S.; and, under his leadership, we look forward to yet more bright chapters being added to the history of a great school whose standard is at such a high level. We offer our best wishes to him when he takes up his new duties in September.

To F. R. Pattison, Esq., M.A., Assistant-Headmaster, who twice during the past eight years, from March 1942-June 1944 and, again from January-June 1950, was the Acting-Headmaster, we all pay tribute. The very capable and efficient manner in which he kept the standard of the School at such an excellent level assures him of the congratulations of all connected with the School.

To the directors of the Old Boys' Association who have furthered its aims and ideals we voice our appreciation; and to all Old Boys who by their membership have made it a record year, we express our thanks for their continued loyalty and goodwill. Membership as of May 1950 now stands as follows: 19 Life Members and 410 Annual Members.

A letter from Mr. W. A. Page tells us that he has been appointed to the post of organist and choirmaster of St. James' Church, Dundas, Ontario. and one paragraph of the letter reads: "If any old choir boys are passing through Dundas on Sunday morning at any time, their voices, particularly tenors and basses, would be inspiring to all and especially to me." Mr. Page's address is 55 Rosedale Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

ENGAGEMENTS:

J. K. Rapley ('37-'39) is to be married on June 17 to Miss C. Howell, Westmount.

E. D. Taylor ('38-'44) is to be married to Miss L. O'Neill, in Quebec on May 20.

H. R. Finley ('36-'39) is to be married to Miss L. Mackay in Montreal West on June 24.

P. McG. Stoker ('31-'38) is to be married to Miss S. L. Harrison on May 27 in Montreal.

DEATHS:

We regret to record the death in a flying accident of Alasdair Hamilton Seton Black ('40-'44) on Jan. 6th of this year, and quote from a letter from G. L. Ogilvie, Esq., who gives details of his brilliant career in the R.A.F.

"Alasdair left Canada to return to England (in General Eisenhower's personal plane) in July, 1944. There he attended Radley College until graduation, when he joined the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs. His training at B.C.S. stood him in good stead, for he gradually rose to be a Flight Sergeant Cadet. He was due to graduate next April, with honours. When killed, he was on a routine solo flight. Some farmers reported that his plane seemed to explode in mid-air. His mother, Lady Tedder, wrote us that he was buried in the churchyard of the parish church, Cranwell, and that the King and Queen had sent a touching message of sympathy. He would have been twenty-one on January 18th."

We regret to announce the death of R. E. MacDougall, Esq. ('87-'93), who died in Montreal on March 26, and to the members of the family we express our sympathy.

We express our sympathy to Lt.-Col. K. M. Case ('20-'22) whose mother died in Westmount during the winter.

BIRTHS:

Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Norsworthy ('36-'39), a daughter, in Geneva, March 22.

Mr. & Mrs. G. H. MacDougall ('24-'30), a daughter, in Montreal, March 25.

Mr. & Mrs. I. A. MacLean ('31-'38), a son, in Montreal, April 10.

Mr. & Mrs. L. G. McDougall ('33-'36), a son, in Montreal, April 16.

Mr. & Mrs. H. T. Markey ('19-'26), a son, in Montreal, April 24.

WEDDINGS:

M. P. Fisher ('37-'42), Sackville, N.B., was married to Miss M. Campbell, Lachine, in Westmount, on March 18. E. M. S. Fisher ('38-'42) was best man and P. Fisher ('40-'45) one of the ushers.

J. A. Stenhouse ('40-'42) was married to Miss H. L. MacIver on April 20 in Westmount. R. McBoyle ('40-'44) was usher.

F. C. Winser ('36-'37) was married on May 6 to Miss L. J. Price, daughter of Brig. J. H. Price ('09-'15), O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Price. C. Winser ('37-'41), J. W. Price ('40-'45) and Harry Trenholme ('34-'40) were ushers. The reception was held at the residence of Mrs. W. C. Pitfield, Cartierville.



Back Row: K. DARLING, L. LEMIEUX, D. STOKER, J. CHURCHILL-SMITH, W. PRICE, R. McBOYLE, W. NORRISH, F. WHITTALL, H. SETLAKWE, F. WINSER.

Front Row: W. MOLSON, E. HUGESSEN, P. AIRD, M. WALLACE, P. SATTERTHWAITE.

JANUARY 28TH—B.C.S. vs '47 OLD BOYS

In a game played at the School Rink, the School won over the team representing the Old Boys of 1947—6-5. The game was fast with most of the goals being scored on nice passing plays.

D. Price scored the first goal, and then Ross scored to put the School in an early lead. Hartt scored for the Old Boys near the end of the period.

The '47-ers outplayed the School in the second period, scoring 4 goals to the School's 2. McMaster tied the game up as the period began. Gray scored twice before Ross got in a goal for the School. Then Gray scored again. McGee scored to put the School one goal behind at the end of the period—5-4.

With the School scoring 2 goals in the last period, the Old Boys tired. These points were made by McGee and Bousquet.

FEBRUARY 4TH.—B.C.S. SHADES OLD BOYS 3-2.

With Reaper denting the twine twice during the exciting chukker, the Purple squeezed out a victory by the count of 3-2. The engagement was rugged and each stanza was a spine-tingler.

Reaper scythed the disc behind the opponents' net-minder halfway through the first bracket. As the bout roughed up in the middle frame, the Old Boys rolled to heights of past seasons. Churchill-Smith tied the fray up at 1 apiece. Then McBoyle fired home the tie-breaking marker. 25 minutes of scoreless play went by the boards before Reaper racked up another tally with a screened shot into the cage from the blue line. Ross then notched the clincher with 5 minutes to play.

The School gratefully thanks Mrs. J. S. Thornton, 24 Fairview Avenue, Summit, N.J., U.S.A., for sending copies of the B.C.S. Football Team and Cricket Team, 1890, framed in light oak; and also for framed copies, measuring 53 inches x 22 inches, from the original wall paintings in the Palace of Westminster by Daniel Maclise, R.A., of the Death of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar, and the Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo. Mr. J. S. Thornton ('88-'90) died last October 30. He was a member of the 1890 Football team.

C. G. M. Grier, Esq., is with the C. & G. Grier, Limited (Advertising Art), 724, Dominion Square Building, Montreal.

G. G. Ryan ('15-'19) was appointed head of the Canadian Council, International Chamber of Commerce, for 1950-51. He is head of L. G. Beaubien et Cie, Ltee.

G. C. Marler ('14-'17) has been *pro-tem* Quebec Provincial Liberal Leader.

Col. H. E. T. Doucet ('23-'25), Canadian Military Attache at the Hague, was among those present to welcome the Canadian delegation for the Atlantic Pact talks held at The Hague in March.

W. M. Murray ('18-'27) is Regional Vice-President of the Graduates' Society of McGill University for the New England States, U.S.A.

We were very glad to hear from Lieut. Col. M. H. A. Drury ('05-'14), O.B.E., In his April letter, he says: "I thoroughly enjoyed the January number of the B.C.S. Magazine. The Editotial Staff should be congratulated upon their fine work."

Since his retirement from the army in 1947, he has been Commandant of the Canadian Corps of Commissioners, in Toronto.

In the article, "Saskatoon: City in the Wheat", Maclean's Magazine, January 1, 1950, there was a reference to S. E. Bushe ('06-'07) who runs a successful general insurance office there.

Col. Sir H. Montagu Allan ('71-'76), C.V.O., has been elected an Honorary member of the Senneville Golf Club in view of the fact that he had a membership of fifty years.

J. H. F. Kenny ('32-'39), was married on April 27, to Miss L. McCaw of New York in Lake George, N.Y.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Goodhue ('37-'39), a daughter, in Ottawa on March 31st.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Lynch ('30-'33), a son, in Outremont, on March 27th.

S. F. Hubbard ('24-'32), is to be married on June 10th, in Quebec to Miss S. M. Florendine of Nelson, B.C.

Brig. C. M. Drury ('25-'29), D.S.O., O.B.E., Canadian Deputy Minister of Defence, conferred in Washington, D.C., in March with U.S. Defence Officials to discuss

procurement of military supplies and equipment and to inspect the Canadian Joint Chiefs of Staff Office there.

J. S. Taylor ('30-'38) visited the School on April 28. He travelled 10,000 miles through the States last year and attended numerous hotel conventions.

Commander W. R. McMaster ('19-'25), R.C.N.(R), president of the Naval Officers' Club, was present at the dinner held on April 12 in honour of Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fraser of North Cape, G.C.B., K.B.E., Britain's First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff.

Lt.-Col. K. M. Case ('20-'22), Officer Commanding, 6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars, and Mrs. Case headed the receiving line at the regiment's Cavalry Ball, held on April 14.

Lt. H. Cleveland ('42-'46) was the picket officer in charge of the guards at the Canadian Grenadier Guards' Ceremonial guard-mounting held on April 17 in Montreal.

Lt.-Col. L. P. P. Payan ('25-'29), O.B.E., assistant adjutant and quartermaster-general at Quebec Command Headquarters since the Second Great War, was given a similar appointment at Army Headquarters in the New Brunswick area at the end of March.

T. E. Price ('44-'48) has been elected president of athletics at Bishop's University.

J. Lawrence ('40-'49) took the part of the Winslow Boy in the play of the same name, staged by Bishop's University on April 27, 28, at the School Theatre.

D. Martin ('43-'49) is a staff writer for Bishop's University's "Campus." He was a member of the stage crew for the College production of "The Winslow Boy."

W. Ogilvie ('42-'48) had a minor role in the College play.

R. R. McMaster (Jan. '45-'47) and D. Vass ('45-'47) are to receive the degrees of B.Sc. (Econ.) and B.Sc., respectively, at Bishop's University Convocation to be held on June 1.

H. W. Seton (Jan. '37-'38) is to receive his degree in Architecture from the University of Manitoba at the Spring Convocation.

D. S. Nicholl ('38-'41) is to receive his degree from Harvard University at this year's Convocation.

J. H. Jarrett ('39-'44) and D. S. Sutherland ('42-'44) visited the School on April 30. Jarrett is with the Standard Life Co. in Montreal; Sutherland with the Sherwin-Williams Co., Montreal.

R. A. Williams ('43-'47) visited the School on April 26. He had just finished 2nd year Engineering at Dawson College.

E. Cadenhead ('41-'44) is to receive his degree in Forestry at the University of New Brunswick Convocation this Spring.

POP BENNETT



The other morning, during fifth period, I was endeavouring to take my mind from the illusions of juicy steaks and mashed potatoes with gravy that kept popping before my eyes, by wondering what the boys used to do, in days gone by, to keep this gnawing hunger from their stomachs just before lunch.

Nowadays, at break after second period, there is a mad rush in the general direction of the Chalet for the morning 'smoke.' After a little research, I found that the boys used to go over to Bennett's for something to eat and maybe also a quick smoke in the back room, during their recess. This was of course in the days when the School was situated across the river at the present site of the university, and Pop's was only a minute's walk from the School.

Mark Bennett came to Lennoxville from Scotstown in nineteen hundred with the idea of setting up a carpentry shop at the junction of the Massawippi and St. Francis Rivers. The headmaster of the School at the time was Mr. Petry, who immediately foresaw the disadvantage in having a woodworking store just across the river from his school. After a talk, the two of them worked out a compromise. Mr. Bennett was still to have his carpentry shop, but only in the back half of the store, and the front part was to be converted into a tuck shop for the B.C.S. boys. Mr. Bennett confides that he was more prosperous through this arrangement than he would have been originally, for not only did he supply the boys with ice cream and soft drinks, but he also made their hockey sticks, sharpened their skates, and made them incidentals such as lamps and ash-trays.

It may surprise some Old Boys to know that if you walk into Pop's today, much the same sight will meet your eyes as would have forty or fifty years ago. Through the ancient glass windows you can still see the skilfully made salad bowls and lamp stands on display. In the center of the floor the old pot-bellied stove still burns

as readily as ever and the weathered green counter, though slightly more worn, is as solid as the day it was new. The only change that has been made is that the room which housed benches for the boys to sit on while they ate is now a storage room. It was through the back door of this room, Mr. Bennett informed me, that many illicit smokers passed.

Pop still likes to reminisce on the days when 'school-boy poaching' was at its height. The boys would go to a nearby farmyard, snatch a nice plump chicken, and then, sometimes pursued by an angry farmer, they would take it to Pop or to Povey's restaurant and have it cooked. Pop says he just about became an accomplished actor after telling dozens of farmers that he 'hadn't seen no chickens around!' I asked Mr. Bennett if he remembered the names of any of the boys who participated in these raids and for some reason the word Price has stuck in his mind in relation to chicken-swiping, but this of course may have had something to do with paying off the angry farmer.

Mr. Bennett laughs when he tells about the sign that hung over the old covered bridge: 'WALK OR PAY TWO DOLLARS.' Evidently nearly all visitors or tourists that drove across the bridge would have the occupants of the car get out and walk. The sign, of course, referred to horse and buggies. It may be of interest for Old Boys that the two signs now hang in the School rink.

Something Mr. Bennett did in the old days which I am sure must have been much appreciated was that after hockey games he would have a big pan full of hot beans and rolls for the boys. Apparently not all the boys were satisfied with this fare, for on glancing through an old School Magazine, I came across a letter to the editor from an old boy asking if they still served, as a favourite dish at Bennetts, sardines and ice cream.

W.M.L. (Form V Arts)

B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

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